The McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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SOME "DOINGS" AT THE FAIR THIS YEAR.

The Event is Being Advertised Over a Large Territory.

SEASON TICKETS NOW ON SALE.

Premium List is Being Distributed—Large Race Entries are Assured and Other Exhibits Will be the Most Extensive Yet—"Nebraska Bills" Wild West to be Great Attraction—Midway Will be a Big One.

The fair association is advertising this year's McKean County Fair and Races, to be held in Smethport Sept. 6, 7, 8 and 9, more extensively than they have any previous meet. This can be accounted for by the fact that the association expects this year's fair to eclipse any former one. The McKean county fair has established a record for having, in past years, given everything, and even more, than they advertised—and more attractions this year necessitate more advertising.

The lithographs and other printed advertising matter are the most elaborate yet put out and embrace a large variety of attractive and special designs. The work of distributing this advertising matter is progressing fast and is being carried on throughout a larger territory than ever before attempted by the management.

Season tickets have been placed on sale throughout this section and from present indications the crowds that will witness this year's meet will be immense.

The automobile to be given away on the last day of the fair is attracting much attention. This machine is a 20 h. p., 1911 model Empire roadster, of long body and low racy design. Has four cylinders, magneto, three speeds, forward and reverse, 32x3½ wheels, equipped with quick detachable tires, and the lithographs bearing the picture of the automobile are good reproductions of the original car. It has an attractive way of getting over the roads and is of most durable construction. Only 4,000 season tickets will be sold.

The premium lists for this year are off the press and the work of circulating them was started during the past week. The book which is a most attractive one, was printed by the Bradford Star-Record the number printed being 3,000.

The livestock and other exhibits, will, without a doubt, be much more extensive this year than ever before, while large race entries are assured.

The dates have been arranged so that the fair will follow the next week after a number of large expositions in this section, notably among these the New York State Fair at Syracuse and the management will be able to secure the pick of the attractions at these places.

Tuesday, Sept. 6, will be opening day and will give people a chance to get acquainted with the magnitude of the exhibits. Wednesday, Sept. 7, the day on which a large number of fire companies will be present owing to the meet of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's Association in this borough, will be "Firemen's Day." Thursday, Sept. 8, as usual, will be "Bradford Day," and Friday, Sept. 9, the day on which the automobile will be given away, will be "High School Field Day," when the teams of the various schools, belonging to the McKean County High School Athletic League, will meet in interesting sports.

Besides fine race programs each day, there will be special and appropriate features in connection with the observance of the different days.

One of the big features for this year is "Nebraska Bill's" Wild West. This troupe, consisting of 25 people, comprises cowboys and cowgirls, a tribe of Indians and a large number of horses, including some highly schooled steeds, and also a number of horses which are untrained outlaws in every sense of the word.

The "Nebaska Bill" outfit puts on a regular performance of an unusually high class in front of the grandstand each day, which consists of lariat spinning, sharp shooting, fancy and sensational riding, a mimic battle between cowboys and Indians, and a number of other wild west amusements.

The show will come here almost direct from an engagement at the Hippodrome at Atlantic City, where they at the present time, proving to be the sensations of the season.

This is, without a doubt, one of the greatest attractions ever offered by any fair.

Besides the free performances in front of the grandstand the company will present a fine wild west show on the midway.

Arrangements have been made to have the midway this year the largest yet. A large number of shows and attractions of a class seldom approached at a county fair are assured. This popular spot will be of larger magnitude this year than ever before.

Don't forget the dates, Sept. 6, 7, 8 & 9.

REMOVED PIECE OF JAW BONE.

Harold McCarthy Underwent Operation at Kane Hospital.

Harold McCarthy, who received three fractures of his lower jaw in the recent automobile accident, underwent an operation at the Kane hospital last Thursday, where he had been taken the day before.

It had been found that a piece of bone, located between two of the fractures on the left side of his jaw had started to decay, and it was necessary to remove a piece of the jaw bone about an inch and a half in length, which had become affected.

The operation, while a most delicate one, was highly successful and the patient rallied nicely.

Friday evening, refusing to stay at the hospital, he returned home with his brother, Ervin McCarthy, who had went to Kane in the morning to spend the day with him, and in the short time that had elapsed since the operation his condition had improved to such an extent that he was able to make the journey practically unassisted and stood the ordeal nicely.

At the hospital it was found that the jaw had been dislocated in addition to being fractured and the bones pushed, making another operation necessary as soon as the young man recovers sufficiently from the one performed last week.

Mr. McCarthy is now getting along as nicely as can be expected and no further developments of a serious nature are anticipated. He is again able to get down town and does not suffer the excruciating pain he did before undergoing the operation.

HELD ON DELICATE CHARGE.

Dor Chandler of Port Allegany Remanded to Jail Without Bail.

Pursuant to a hurryup call from Port Allegany on Tuesday night Detective E. W. Jones and Sheriff W. H. Morrison left for that place and returned in the evening with Dor Chandler, aged 21 years, who is now lying in jail awaiting trial on a charge of statutory rape.

The girl in the case is said to be only 13 years old, but according to the story told a Miner representative she is exceedingly wise in the ways of the under-world for one of her tender years. Detective Jones and Sheriff Morrison spent the day gathering facts in the case and the story told by the former to the writer reveals a state of moral depravity that is shocking even to hardened ears.

If the information gathered by the officers is half true this young girl and a companion a trifle older have been leading a very fast life for some time past, and the young man under arrest is only one of a number who have been associated with these girls, who have strayed from the straight and narrow path.

MRS. AGNES MALONE DEAD.

Was Severely Burned By an Accident Some Time Ago.

Mrs. Agnes Malone died at the home of her son, Owen Malone, on East Willow street last Thursday afternoon after an illness of several weeks.

Some time ago Mrs. Malone was severely burned about the head and body, when her clothing caught fire from a pipe, which she was in the habit of smoking. She was a victim of epileptic fits and her none to robust health was so impaired by the shock she sustained by the accident that she never recovered and her condition grew steadily weaker until the time of death.

The deceased was aged about 57 years and she had been a resident of this borough for several years.

The funeral took place at St. Elizabeth's church Saturday morning, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating. Burial was made at St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Edinboro Normal prepares teachers to teach school. Fall session of fifteen weeks begins Sept. 6, 1910. Catalog free. John F. Bigler, Prin.

ACCIDENT AT FARMERS VALLEY LAST SATURDAY.

Rig was Crowded into Deep Sluice by Automobile.

LADY AND SMALL BOY INJURED.

The Rig Belonged to Frank Digel of Farmers Valley and He and His Sister, Miss Millie Digel and a Small Boy, Named Baker, Were Riding at the Time—Automobile Belonged to Coleman Smith of Coudersport—Automobile Wanted the Entire Road.

About 5 o'clock Saturday evening as Frank Digel, one of the proprietors of Digel & Mosier's general store at Farmers Valley, in company with his sister, Miss Millie Digel, who makes her home with the family of H. R. Baker of Buffalo, and a six-year-old son of Mr. Baker, who were visiting at the Digel home, were returning in a single rig to Farmers Valley, from a trip to Coleville, they met with a bad accident.

As they were opposite the Chatfield farm on the Cole creek road they encountered an automobile going at a good rate of speed. The road is about 30 feet wide at this point and Mr. Digel at once drove to the right and gave the car half of the road. The latter did not turn out and the rig was crowded to the extreme edge of the road and Mr. Digel was forced to drive into a deep sluice running alongside the highway; to avoid being struck.

Mr. Digel jumped from the buggy and seized it in time to keep it from capsizing. The horse started to plunge and Miss Digel took the Baker boy in her arms and jumped, with the result that she sustained internal injuries while the boy was badly cut on the back of his head.

The car went on for a distance of 10 or 15 yards before stopping and one of the occupants came back to the scene of the accident. He refused to drive the victims of the accident back to Farmers Valley, a distance of about two miles, where medical attendance could be secured.

The horse did not run away and, as the buggy escaped injury, the rig was recovered and the party drove home, where Dr. Hamilton of this place was summoned and rendered necessary medical attention. It was found that the injury sustained by the Baker boy, while a painful one, was not of a serious nature. Miss Digel was more severely injured.

Although she was able to return to Buffalo Monday with the lad and his father, Mr. Baker, who had come to Farmers Valley Saturday night upon hearing of the accident, her condition had shown no signs of improvement and she is under the care of a physician in that city.

Mr. Digel was able to secure the number of the car and upon making an investigation ascertained that the machine belonged to Coleman Smith of Coudersport.

DEATH CAME SUDDENLY.

Italian Employed at Goodyear Lumber Job Victim of Heart Trouble.

An Italian named John Villella, a woodsman employed at the Goodyear lumber operations about Norwich, near this borough, died suddenly Monday afternoon.

Villella, who was apparently in his usual health, was at his work when without warning he was suddenly stricken. Efforts to revive him were of no avail and an investigation disclosed the fact that death had occurred instantly. The man was a victim of heart disease and this was assigned as the cause of death.

Villella was about 67 years old and was apparently in sound and robust health.

Coroner Sherman of Bradford was notified but did not deem an inquest necessary. Undertaker Sasse took charge of the remains and brought them to this place. After getting in communication with relatives of the deceased, short funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the undertaking establishment of Mr. Sasse, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating and interment was made at St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Westbrook Commercial Academy.

A private, high grade school. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, English courses. 29th year will open Sept. 6.

THEY STEAL EATABLES.

W. F. Specht's Refrigerator and F. E. Tull's Cellar Rifled Sunday Night.

The story of Old Mother Hubbard was brought forcibly to the minds of W. F. Specht and family last Monday morning. When they went to bed Sunday night they had ample provisions stored away in their refrigerator for a wholesome breakfast the next morning, but when Mrs. Specht went to that refrigerator the following morning, it had been Madame Hubbard's cupboard beaten to a frazzle for bareness.

Said refrigerator has for years stood peacefully and unmolested on the back porch of his Mechanic street residence until last Sunday night when some presumably hungry forgers raided it and all that was left in it for breakfast in the Specht family was a piece of butter about the size of the end of your thumb. The milk, eggs, butter, meat and all other edibles had been pilfered during the night by unknow marauders.

Evidently they were not contented with this for on the same night the cellar of F. E. Tull's residence on Bank street was raided and eggs and butter stolen. After scooping the butter out of the crock with their hands the thieves crawled onto the back porch on their hands and knees, leaving butter tracks on every step, evidently looking for the refrigerator that was not there.

Thus far no clue has been found to lead to the arrest of the guilty parties. It is the general opinion that it is the work of amateurs, who will undoubtedly be apprehended if their work is continued.

DIED AT COUNTY HOME.

A 17-Year-Old Swedish Boy Succumbs To Tuberculosis—A Sad Case.

John Freeburg, a 17-year-old lad, died at the county home last Friday of tuberculosis. The circumstances surrounding his death were most pathetic.

Some time ago the boy came to this country from his native land, Sweden, where his family and relatives reside, in the hope of improving his condition, both in regards to regaining his health, and bettering his finances.

The promises of a promised land were not forthcoming and the unfortunate young man in some manner finally landed in Smethport where he arrived practically destitute.

His condition had become such that it was necessary for him to ask for relief, and he was placed in the county home.

Local Swedish citizens started a movement to raise enough money to send the lad back to his home, but after part of the sum had been raised it was found that his condition was such that it would be impossible for him to stand the trip and an ocean voyage would only hasten his death.

Freeburg grew steadily weaker in spite of all efforts made in his behalf at the county home, and Friday the inevitable occurred. The generous hearted countrymen who had interested themselves in his behalf at once came forward and took charge of the remains.

The funeral was held Sunday and interment was made in Rose Hill cemetery.

DEATH OF YOUNG BOY.

Merle Irons, Aged 13 Years, Passed Away Monday.

Merle Irons, the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Irons of Keating township, died at the home of his parents last Monday morning after an illness of about 15 weeks.

Last winter the boy sustained a severe fall while skating and this is thought to have been the starting point of his illness.

His condition became such that some time ago he was taken to the Bradford hospital for treatment. It was found there that his case was hopeless and after being at the hospital several weeks he was again brought to his home, where death resulted Monday.

Besides his parents he is survived by two brothers and a sister. He was a bright lad and his death is indeed a sad one.

The funeral was held at the home of the boy's uncle, Jerthi Irons, yesterday afternoon, Rev. W. A. VanDyke of St. Luke's church officiating. Interemnt was made in the family cemetery on the farm of George Irons, near this borough.

Subscribe for The Miner.

MAYOR GAYNOR SHOT TUESDAY IN NEW YORK.

Was Victim of Discharged City Employe's Wrath.

IT IS THOUGHT HE WILL RECOVER.

Shooting Happened on Deck of Steamship Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse as New York City's Chief Executive Was About to Leave for European Tour—John J. Gallagher, the Would-Be Assassin, Badly Beaten By Mob—City in a Tumult.

New York, Aug. 9—Mayor Gaynor was shot through the head by John J. Gallagher, a dock hand discharged for neglect and misconduct, and is in a serious condition at St. Marys hospital, Hoboken, where he was taken after the attack.

The shooting took place on the upper deck of the Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse on which the Mayor intended taking a vacation trip to Europe and he was surrounded by friends when Gallagher stepped up behind him and while muttering, "There; damn you, I'll do you now," fired, adding, "You have taken my bread and butter from me." The bullet entered behind Mayor Gaynor's right ear and blood spurted forth. Big Bill Edwards, street cleaning commissioner, with whom Mr. Gaynor was talking, whirled at the sound of the shot and bore Gallagher to the deck. As he fell, Gallagher fired more shots but they went wild and as the ex-Princeton football star pinned his arms the revolver was wrenched from him. The crowd now cognizant of the attempted assasination, beat and kicked Gallagher until Edwards got him to safety. The mayor's son, Rufus, William Gaynor, and others caught the stricken man as he was falling and bore him to the cabin. Later he was taken to the St. Mary's hospital where a probing for the bullet will be made this afternoon.

Gallagher who lived at 440 Third avenue, was taken to the Hoboken jail, being pushed through a mob that rained blows on him despite the protection of a squad of police. He is 50 years old and was dishnarged July 19th after seven years service.

His statement was brief, being: "Knowing that Mayor Gaynor was going to Europe this morning to enjoy himself after depriving me of my bread and butter, I shot him." It is thought that Gallagher was under the influence of liquor at the time of the attack.

Edwards was slightly wounded in the arm in attempting to protect the Mayor.

The physicians working over Gaynor state that while his condition is very serious, there is a good chance for his recovery.

Gallagher takes his arrest coolly, but is being heavily guarded to prevent any attempt at self-destruction and no one is allowed to see him.

The entire populance is aghast at the dastardly attempt at assasination and he feeling against Gallagher is at fever heat.

Gaynor has always been a great advocate of reform. As a lawyer and private citizen he instituted suits at his own expense and unassisted exposed big grafts. He was subsequently elevated to Judge of the Supreme court of New York State, from which position he retired to become Mayor of New York City, being elected over a strong Republican candidate and W. R. Hearst, the Independence League candidate, by over 70,000 majority.

Upon entering the discharge of his office he stopped the grafting among city employes, destroyed scores of fat and useless political jobs, practically took charge of the police department and stopped grafting there and with considerable difficulty found an excellent corps of men secured on their merits whom he placed in charge of the various departments, giving the city a government that was second to none in the world. He was saving the city millions of dollars that had hitherto been filched away.

At first he was ridiculed and detested by the populance but his popularity grew from day to day and he is now recognized on every hand as the best mayor New York ever had.

Wanted—Young Men

To qualify for $900 to $1200 office positions. A 10 months course is sufficient. Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y.

HABEAS CORPUS PROCEEDINGS.

Two Italians Held For Sending Black Hand Note Released.

A hearing in habeas corpus proceedings was held before Judge Bouton, at the Court House in this borough Monday morning in, the case of Carl Frank and Joe Sprete, two Italians who were charged with having sent a "black hand" note to Mike Rich, a Bradford contractor. The hearing was held in response to an application made by Attorney J. P. Ryan of Bradford, counsel for the defendants. Mike Rich, the prosecutor, was represented by J. Fitzgibbon of Bradford and John Ruffalo of Smethport, while Mr. Ryan represented the Italians at the proceedings. After hearing the evidence Judge Bouton released the prisoners.

On July 23, Mr. Rich received a "black hand" letter ordering him to come to the North St. bridge, Bradford, on the following Monday night with $300. The letter threatened death to himself and family in case he refused the demand. Rich went to the bridge at the appointed hour and met Frank and Spete. Instead of giving them any money, he produced a revolver and an officer and a number of citizens who were in hiding nearby closed in on the Italians and captured them. They were given a hearing before Alderman Foley of Bradford and placed under $600 bail each, to answer at the next term of court to two separate charges. Being unable to raise the bail they were committed to jail. The evidence produced at the hearing Monday morning was not considered sufficient to justify the holding of the two men and they were released.

TONY OAKES CAPTURED.

Was Apprehended Near Crosby Saturday Afternoon.

Tony Oakes of Crosby, who recently escaped from jail, where he was serving a nine month's sentence for assaulting a man residing in Norwich township with an axe, was captured near Crosby last Saturday by Constable Timmerman.

Oakes, who was a trusty, had been sent after the cows kept at the jail and had kept right on going.

He had been seen at Crosby shortly after his disappearance, but when the authorities were notified and went to that place the man was no where to be found.

It later developed that Tony had been sleeping in the woods nearby and made sundry visits to Crosby to procure food.

Saturday morning Constable Timmerman went to Oakes' camp, which is located near Crosby, and, as the wanted man happened to be at home at the time, the officer affected his capture.

Oakes offered no resistance and stated that he was on the verge of coming back to jail on his own accord.

He was brought to Smethport the same morning and again lodged in jail.

It may be said in passing that Tony is no longer a "trusty."

DEATH OF EDWARD STANTON.

Occurred at East Smethport Last Sunday.

Edward Stanton died at his home at East Smethport Sunday afternoon after an illness of several weeks.

A short time ago, while working at the Goodyear lumbering operations at Norwich, near this borough, Stanton was prostrated by a severe sunstroke. He was subsequently brought to his home in this borough in a critical condition and last week he was seized with an attack of typhoid fever, which weakened his condition to such an extent that his recovery was made impossible.

Edward Stanton was aged about 42 years and had been a lifelong resident of this vicinity. He is survived by a widow and three children, besides his parents and three brothers and three sisters.

The funeral was held at East Smethport yesterday afternoon, Rev. Summersgill officiating. Interment was made at Rose Hill cemetery.

Williamsport Commerical College.

Smethport young people should attend this school for courses in Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting and all English branches. Over 200 calls received last year for office help. Fall Term begins Sept. 6th. Trial lessons and catalogue free.

F. F. Healey, Proprietor.

Thorough preparation for teaching is made at Edinboro State Normal. Send for circular and catalog. Fall session begins Sept. 6, 1910.

John F. Bigelr, Prin.

Mr. Royden

An Episode of a Stranger's Entrance to New York Society

By GEORGE L. BYINGTON

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A group of young men were standing in the lobby of the U club of New York smoking cigarettes and chatting.

The small talk of the men standing in the lobby was diverted by the entrance of a young man who, passing the group, went to the office, called for letters, received several and went into the general lounging room to read them.

"Who is he?" asked one.

"Don't know," said another.

"He's not a member of the club," said a third. "Van Vechten put him up. His name is Royden."

"He's got some sort of social pull," a fourth put in. "He's thick with the Traceys. What Mrs. Tracey puts her stamp on goes."

"It doesn't matter to me," said one of the party, Horace Skinner, "who puts a stamp on him, he doesn't go with me."

This remark attracted attention. Skinner was cotillion leader to the set in question and could admit or decline to admit one who knocked at the golden door.

"What's the matter with him?" was asked. But Skinner walked away, leaving his friends to find out for themselves why he had put the stamp of his disapproval on Mr. Royden. All admitted that Royden had the manners of a gentleman, and from what little was known of his mental endowments they were at least respectable. But what had such qualifications to do with social life? People with brains, wealth, refinement were crowding upon the "holy numbers," as a wag facetiously called them, and here was a stranger about whom nothing was known who bid fair to walk in and make himself at home.

There is still to be found in the social swim of New York here and there some descendants of the leaders of half a century or more ago. These relics of the past may be rich or may be poor. They are there because they have always been there. Should they pass out and again seek admission they would be obliged to fight their way like the rest of those seeking entrance.

Of this class was Miss Van Vechten, whose brother had "put up" Mr. Royden as a guest at the U club. The Van Vechtens had once owned a farm in the middle of Manhattan Island, and of such is the oldest and best in New York society. Furthermore, Miss Van Vechten's ancestors were prominent in Revolutionary days. It was not to be expected that in her associations she would take her cue from any one. Indeed, frequently when she saw her social sisters who had sprung from a composition of rail or oil magnates with hotel keepers' daughters snubbing some one she was quite likely to put upon the snubbed her own aristocratic seal.

Now, Mrs. Tracey, who introduced Mr. Royden, had made mistakes that had sapped her power. She had vouched for several persons simply on the ground that they were geniuses, and one or two of them had made scientific discoveries that would save the lives of millions of human beings. She had not considered that such persons had no place in society. Consequently when she took up Mr. Royden an opposition to his admission sprang up on the part of certain young women whose fathers had been wreckers and reorganizers of corporations and whose mothers in some instances had been toilers in early life. It was these people whom the really aristocratic Miss Van Vechten loved to antagonize. The more they turned the cold shoulder on Royden the more Miss Van Vechten loaded him with favors. She was leader of a small set within the larger set and gradually withdrew the gentleman into this inner circle.

Had he been a man of that prominence especially desirable in the social world this would have been a masterly move, for no sooner would he have been admitted to Miss Van Vechten's coterie than he would have become desirable in a general way. As it was, his introduction only tended to make him a special rather than a universal member of the whole.

Meanwhile the only person who appeared to take no interest in Mr. Royden's social admission or rejection was Mr. Royden himself. He made no acquaintances at the club where he was a guest for the simple reason that the clubs of Gotham are places where small groups of men who are acquainted already sit at small tables and chat; others read the papers, while others, mostly bachelors, use it as a hotel. Nevertheless in certain respects it has its being as a whole. Mr. Royden found it a convenient place in which to write his letters and spend his time when not devoting himself to Miss Van Vechten. Indeed, having no occupation during his stay in New York and neither being interested in its social conditions nor its social conditions being interested in him, he must spend the time somewhere, and he found Miss Van Vechten's home very attractive. The Van Vechtens were a part of the "diamond horseshoe," a name given to that curve of boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House leased or owned by New York's wealthy social magnates.

"There's Miss Van Vechten again," remarked a lady in the diamond circle who in days gone by had pirouetted before the footlights, "with that Royden in her box. He's been there every night this week. I wonder if she is going to marry him."

"If she does she'll lose her social hold. The Van Vechtens haven't money enough to do what they please in society," said the descendant of a brewer, who sat beside her.

"Where did he come from anyway?" asked the first speaker.

"Australia or Canada or New Zealand. He's British, you know."

"What's he doing here?"

But the orchestra drowned the reply.

While Miss Van Vechten's taking up Mr. Royden had originally sprung from a natural feeling of a refined woman to take the part of a stranger against upstarts, there was that in the man which soon caused her to forget her motive in the interest he inspired in her. A fairly intelligent young woman, she was able to appreciate his knowledge of many subjects which go to make up the intellectual world. He had made a study of history, philosophically considered, the formation of nations, governments, constitutions—indeed, such information as might be beneficial to one who aims to follow public political life. International law seemed to be his hobby. Miss Van Vechten was disposed to draw him out on these subjects, which he presented to her in a way to insure her understanding of them. She did not wonder that a man who possessed such treasures within himself should be indifferent to the gilded circle.

It was in this way that Mr. Royden won his way, if not to Miss Van Vechten's heart, at least to a feeling that she would like just such a man for a husband. She encouraged him to ask for her, not that she would or would not accept him, but that she might have the choice of doing either one or the other.

Now, all this happened within the short space of a few weeks. Mr. Royden's stay in Gotham was coming to an end. No one knew it except himself, but he knew it very well. One day he announced his coming departure to Miss Van Vechten.

Mr. Royden had been very uncommunicative, even to Miss Van Vechten. When he said he was going she knew no more about where he would go than where he had come from. But she was too well bred to ask him. Nevertheless, he told her the story. Moreover, he asked her to be his wife.

The day before Royden left New York he was sitting in the lounging room of the U club reading a newspaper. Near him at a table, partaking of refreshments, were several of the members of that party who had discussed him when he had entered the building several weeks before. Among them was Skinner, the cotillion leader.

"There's that fellow Royden over there," remarked Skinner. "He doesn't seem to have made much headway in society. I seldom meet him anywhere."

"How do you know he cares to be met?" asked another.

"I don't."

"Nobody seems to know anything about him," remarked another. "Mrs. Tracey can't foist these people on society as she once did. She's failed at that."

At that moment a stranger entered the room and, catching sight of Royden, rushed up to him with extended hand.

"Hello, Bob!" he cried. "I haven't seen you since we left Oxford. I'm mighty glad to meet you, old man, and to congratulate you on the position you have attained. Why are you not in Washington?"

"Going tomorrow; have been waiting for the minister."

The maid who had entered, seeing a friend in Skinner, nodded to him and after a brief talk with Royden beckoned him to join them. Skinner did so and was introduced to Royden.

"This is my friend the Marquis of Hesslington. He is on a diplomatic mission to settle some matters about fisheries or something."

Mr. Skinner bowed obsequiously.

"I have heard of the marquis as Mr. Royden," he remarked.

"What's that?" said the introducer. "Been going incog., Bob? Using your own name instead of your title?"

"I have been obliged to do so for reasons connected with the diplomatic service."

"I see."

Then Mr. Skinner asked the marquis if he could not be of some service to him during the rest of his stay in New York, to which the marquis replied that he was leaving the next day.

That evening the news spread among the gilded circle that the oldest son of a British duke and a prominent diplomat had been in New York incog., and no one except Mrs. Tracey, who alone knew who he was, and Miss Van Vechten, who didn't, had had the honor of entertaining him. Everybody blamed the former for not making known the rank of the man she had introduced, and nobody believed but that Miss Van Vechten knew all the while who she was entertaining. Mrs. Tracey excused herself in the statement that a prominent scientist whom she had introduced and whom society had snubbed had given the marquis a letter to her, at the same time advising him to visit New York incog.

Then came the news of the engagement of the marquis to Miss Van Vechten. If the women were wroth at being deprived of the honor of entertaining the diplomat, the younger ladies were positively mad to think that none of their number had had an opportunity to catch him, that advantage having been appropriated by Miss Van Vechten herself.

THE WILLOW TEAPOT

A Mistake of Twenty Years Explained

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Although the Horner sisters had lived in the same house for forty years, during twenty of those long years they had not exchanged a word.

No one in Rosedale knew why Abigail had suddenly taken up her residence in the north wing of the old house and Sophia had settled her belongings in the sunny south half. At the time conjecture had been rife, but the nine days' wonder had settled into a strong conviction that they had disagreed over the "property," for it was shortly after old Judge Horner's death that the estrangement began.

Every Sunday morning the sisters stepped primly down the graveled path to the gate and in wordless silence wended their way to church and up the aisle to the Horner pew. In vain had the pastor remonstrated with them singly and together. While open to reason and conviction on every other point, they were dumb regarding the cause of their wordless strife.

It was June now, and Sophia was digging among her pansies. She was slight and pale, with a pleasant, mild face that now and then startled one by settling into firm lines around the mouth. Abigail's features were cast in a sterner mold, and the lines about her mouth were deeper, and this characteristic feature in both sisters was known as "Horner spunk," and it was generally agreed that "Horner spunk" was at the root of the trouble.

Abigail stood under the cedars with a copy of the county paper in her hand. She was slowly reading an article for the fifth time.

The Rev. Paul Weemers, pastor of the Park Methodist church, New York, will preach in the First church at Rosedale on Sunday evening next. It will be remembered that the First church of Rosedale was Mr. Weemers' first charge, and his return will be the occasion of much pleasure to his old friends and parishioners. Mr. Weemers will be accompanied by his wife.

She looked across the boxwood hedge into Sophia's garden. The news would interest Sophia as well as herself. Abigail thought of this as she stood there looking at Sophia's stooping form. There was a certain stern integrity about Abigail that urged her to break the long silence and to impart the news she had read to her sister. There was an underlying tenderness, too, toward her younger sister that the bitter resentment of years could not destroy. She resolved that Sophia should not be taken unawares.

She leaned over the hedge and dropped the newspaper under Sophia's nose.

Sophia squeaked with surprise as the paper rattled among the pansies, and there was blank astonishment in her nearsighted eyes as she lifted them to gaze upon the grim, uncompromising face of her sister.

The latter pointed to the paper with an old time gesture of command, and Sophia, adjusting her spectacles, sought the wrong page with agitated eagerness. Then she turned the sheet, and presently a nervous cluck and the dull reddening of her cheek announced that she had found the item. In her excitement the younger woman spoke. "He will call," she said softly, as if to herself.

The next day was Saturday, and all day long Sophia's lavender muslin hung on the clothesline, bending and swaying in the soft west wind like a misty wraith of Sophia herself. Abigail looked sternly upon the dress. She had been on her way to the front chamber to look over a well preserved summer silk, but the sight of the dress seemed to proclaim the boldness of Sophia—a boldness that was unexpected and that seemed to rouse a stern maidenliness in the older woman. She reddened darkly and went hastily downstairs again.

In the solitude of her own front room she sat and thought. The stern upbringing of the Horner girls had discouraged the coming of suitors, and it was not until after their father's death that Paul Weemers came to preach at the First church. He had been equally attentive to both sisters, and it was perhaps natural that each should believe herself to be the preferred one and the other an interloper. When Paul received a call to a larger parish he came to say goodby, and when he asked old Hannah if Miss Horner was in the sisters appeared simultaneously. Suddenly Abigail was called away, and when she returned to the parlor the young minister had gone and Sophia was standing at the window with a bewildered look on her pretty face.

Then a white rage had taken possession of Abigail, and her tongue had loosed upon the frightened Sophia, who turned fiercely with upbraiding contradictions. After that scene, which no one witnessed, began the long silence. It was of these things that Abigail was thinking.

The next day was Sunday, and Sophia stepped down the path alone, her worn hymn book clasped in her mittened hands. She cast many anxious, backward glances at the north wing where Abigail's stern profile was outlined against the window pane; she was bent over the pages of the Christian Work, and it was evident she did not intend to go to church that morning. Sophia went on alone, swinging her fresh muslin skirts and holding her head rather high, quite unaware that Abigail was watching her with accusing eyes of mingled pity and resentment.

Sophia did not know why she was hurrying to church that morning with a pink spot in either faded cheek, but her heart beat quickly, and she was conscious of a pleasant excitement at the idea of seeing Paul Weemers again. That was all. She fluttered the leaves of her Bible as she waited for the service to begin. She wondered vaguely where Mrs. Weemers would sit and concluded that she was the fashionably attired woman who sat in the minister's pew. She was a plump, pretty woman with dark hair waving back from a fresh, youthful complexion. Then Paul Weemers came in, and Sophia gasped with surprise. He was rather stout and much older, and his hair and beard were quite gray.

The next morning while the sisters were attending to their separate household duties the doorbell toned dismally. Abigail went into the front hall and, peering through the side window light, saw a man in clerical garments accompanied by a woman. She paused for a moment with a hand on the knob, then she opened the door.

"Now, Miss Abigail, I don't believe you recognize me!" exclaimed the man heartily. "I didn't see you in church yesterday, although I am sure that I recognized your sister."

"Mr. Weemers, isn't it?" asked Abigail coldly. "Won't you come in?"

"Yes, and this is my wife; my dear, this is Miss Horner, one of my old friends and parishioners."

"I have heard my husband speak of you and your lovely old house, Miss Horner," said the lady pleasantly.

They went into Abigail's cool parlor.

"Where is Miss Sophia?" inquired Mr. Weemers with evident interest.

"I will call her," said Abigail reluctantly.

She stepped across the hall and opened Sophia's door—that was the signal when there was company for both.

"Don't you care, Sophia," she whispered with fierce intensity as her sister followed her into the room.

Sophia was visibly agitated. She stammered greetings to the minister and his wife, which Abigail tried to cover by commonplace remarks, but there was an atmosphere of constraint over the four people.

"Will you have some refreshment?" asked Abigail presently. "It is a very warm day," she observed. She left the room and presently returned with foaming glasses of root beer and a plate of freshly cut sponge cake. She ate nothing herself, but looked intently from her sister to Mr. Weemers and then at the minister's wife.

The latter set down her glass. "Do you know, Miss Horner, that when my husband told me he was coming to Rosedale on Sunday I was delighted. The first thing I said was, 'Now I shall see the Horner teapot!'"

Abigail's face softened. "So he remembered our teapot?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed. I have a mania for old china, and Paul shares the mania. He has spoken of the teapot as such a lovely example of willow pattern, and I told him I positively must see it."

Abigail went to a walnut cabinet and brought forth a large blue and white teapot. It had been in the Horner family for many generations and was a treasured heirloom.

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Weemers, while her husband hung over it in silent admiration. Suddenly he straightened back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"You do not know, Miss Abigail, how hard I strove one day, many years ago, to ask you to sell me that famous teapot. I had seen it and succumbed to its beauty. I remember, just a day or so before I left Rosedale, I called to say goodby and at the same time to ask if you would sell it, but I realized my presumption and hardly hoped you would do so. I tried to broach the subject, but somehow I couldn't seem to make any headway. I recollect that you were called from the room, and I tried to approach your sister on the subject, but she seemed to want to talk of everything except the teapot, so I gave it up and went away. I wrote to you once and asked about it, but as I never heard from you presume the letter went astray."

Abigail and Sophia were looking at one another over the blue teapot. There was a startled expression in Sophia's eyes, while Abigail looked pityingly at her sister.

Abigail found her voice first. "My sister and I would like to give you the teapot, Mrs. Weemers," she said, with decision in her tones. "There is no one to care for it after we are gone, and you and your husband seem to prize it so highly we would like you to have it."

"But—we cannot—it is too much"—stammered Mrs. Weemers.

"Oh, yes!" cried Sophia eagerly. "You must take it. We want you to have it. Abigail and I have so many old fashioned things."

Abigail left the room to wrap the teapot in paper and to escape the effusive thanks of the delighted Weemers. Sophia followed her sister, trembling with some unexplained emotion.

Removing the lid, Abigail thrust her hand into the teapot and drew forth a yellowed envelope. She held it toward Sophia.

"It's yours," she said shortly.

"No; it's yours," returned Sophia.

"If it's mine," said Abigail in grim tones, "I'll burn it up," and she thrust it into the stove.

"Shall we have tea together in the big dining room tonight, Abigail?" asked Sophia timidly.

"Of course we will," said Abigail.

SIRES AND SONS.

Aviator Curtiss, when flying wears a little gray cloth cap and bites his mustache.

Major General Daniel E. Sickles is the oldest living civil war leader. He is eighty-seven years old, but still stalwart and active.

Edgar Bloom, a traveling salesman of Kansas City, Mo., is deaf and dumb. He sells diamonds and carries a price list printed on a card which he hands to each merchant he visits.

The trustees of the University of Chicago have granted to Professor Oscar Bolza of the mathematical department permission to spend the rest of his life in Freiburg, Germany. He will draw the same salary he received when active.

Robert Alphonso Taft, son of the president, who has just been graduated from Yale university, is going to start work in the Harvard Law school in October. He is the first son of a president of the United States to acquire a Yale diploma.

Henry Dexter, president of the American News company, in New York, ninety-seven years of age, still sits at his desk. He goes down to his office every day in an automobile and takes a very active interest in his business as well as in philanthropic affairs.

Fernando Jones, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday recently, has lived in Chicago longer than any other person. He settled there in 1835 and has lived there ever since. When he first saw the village it was nothing unusual to observe Indians upon the streets.

Base Hits.

Rumors are persistent that Cy Young is about done for as a pitcher. But he has a fortune.

For a man who doesn't swing violently Schulte of Chicago hits a ball as clean and hard as anybody in major league circles.

Outfielder Clyde Millan, who had a miserable year in 1909, is playing grand ball for Washington this season. They do come back now and then.

Chase is the veteran in point of service on the New York team, and yet he is under thirty, and this is only his sixth season with the Highlanders.

Detroit critics concede that Russell Ford of the New York Americans is a great pitcher, but doubt is expressed there whether he lasts the year out the way he exerts his arm in throwing the spitter.

Household Hints.

A strip of emery cloth tacked to a small square board will be found useful for quickly sharpening the carving knife.

The newest silence cloth is of asbestos. It is thin and as easy to fold as a tablecloth, yet it effectually protects the table top from injury by hot dishes or spilled liquids.

A "ready made cooking cupboard" for the unexpected that always happens may contain soup, salmon, an entree, bottled peas, canned or preserved fruit and anything else which is suitable for a hurried luncheon or dinner.

Train and Track.

Since Mexico acquired control of its principal railroads six training schools for railroad men have been opened in the City of Mexico.

Between Liverpool and Manchester there is an excellent hourly express train service. Packages sent by parcels post forwarded on these trains up to 6:30 p. m. are delivered the same day.

In many of the leading industrial countries of Europe the steel railway tie is being largely substituted for that of wood. In England such ties can be marketed at $31 per ton, or less than the present cost of wooden ties.

Town Topics.

New York persists in the thought that it is a world's fair in itself. It has all the sideshows anyway.—Pittsburg Dispatch

A Boston professor says the world will be crazy in 265 years. The world is not inclined to give Boston that long.—Chattanooga News.

Chicago has cut its high school course to two years in order to induce pupils to abandon the habit of quitting school at the end of the grade courses. If the Windy City would double the length of the vacations it might also reduce truancy.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Wireless Whispers.

There are eighteen recognized systems of wireless telegraphy.

The number of wireless stations on the coasts of the maritime nations of the world is placed at 416.

It is contemplated to establish wireless telegraph stations in German East Africa, Togoland, Kamerun and German Southwest Africa and also between the different German south sea colonies.

State Lines.

Missouri manufactured 27,733,260 corncob pipes last year.

For the first time in many years Nevada produced a marketable quantity of quicksilver last year.

More than 5,000,000 rose trees have been planted in Oregon since the movement was started three years ago by the Rose Festival association.

Of the 1,000,000 horsepower which the rivers of Minnesota are estimated to be capable of producing less than one-third has been made available.

State.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry House.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Bradford.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Adelia.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. F. Starkey, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford; Ewy J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Deville, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. E. Anderson, Clermont; A. B. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—H. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. H. Hiver, Secretary; J. W. Waite, M. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sease.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—C. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; E. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Hedrick, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. M. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of election—E. T. Daly, R. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I.O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 36, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. HATTEL, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HAFNER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

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We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of those peculiar affections incident to women, but those wanting full information as to their symptoms and means of positive cure are referred to the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser—1008 pages, newly revised and up-to-date Edition, sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing *only*; or, in cloth binding for 31 stamps.

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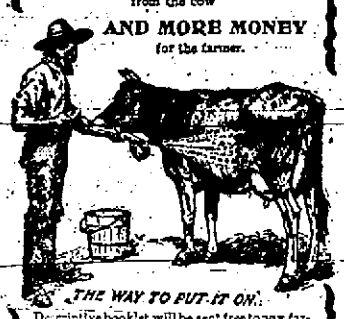

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Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner.

Smethport, Thursday, August 11, 1910.

Local and General.

—The Coudersport condensed milk factory will be placed in operation Aug. 15.

—The Comes family reunion will be held at Frog Camp on Thursday of next week.

—The family reunion of the Gullup family will be held at Frog Camp next Tuesday.

—Horseback riding is becoming a generally popular fad among the young people of Smethport.

—Season tickets for the McKean county fair and races, Sept. 6-9, can be purchased at this office.

—It is understood that the congregation of St. Elizabeth's church will give one of their popular fairs at the Lyceum this fall.

—The Fifth Annual Reunion of the Stark family will be held at Burtville, Potter county, Thursday, August 25, 1910. All members of this family are requested to be present.

—Albert E. Post, a collector for the Post newspaper publishing company of Jamestown, N. Y., was struck by an Erie freight train in that city last Friday morning and was instantly killed. He was 35 years of age and is survived by a wife and child.

—The Brick Shatterite Co. of Coudersport, whose plant was recently destroyed by a fire in which the inventor of the explosive, Wm. Buck and his son perished, expect to resume operations in the near future. It is not certain that the new factory will be located at Coudersport.

—The farmers' institutes are to be held in McKean county as follows: Crosby, Dec. 5 and 6; Turtle Point, Dec. 7 and 8; Bell Run, Dec. 9 and 10. The institutes will be held under the auspices of the State Department of Agriculture and experts will explain the best methods of obtaining the best returns from the farm.

—The payment of a dividend to the policy holders of the defunct People's Mutual Insurance Co. of Syracuse is being made at the [illegible] of the New York State [illegible] of Insurance. The present [illegible] that the amount refu[illegible] per cent. of the entire amount paid in. It taking several weeks to pay all the claims. It now looks as if policy holders in this ill fated company were to get back all the money they have paid into the organization. This will be cheering news to many members in this place.

—Hon. R. W. Hilton, who recently purchased several houses and lots on Congress street, Bradford, for the purpose of erecting on the ground a handsome residence, has caused the work of tearing down the present buildings on the site to be commenced. As soon as the same are razed, ground will be broken for the new home.

—A high spirited horse owned by Lynne Coon of East Smethport ran away on lower Main street Sunday afternoon. After running about the length of a block the reins broke and the frightened animal ran up over the embankment of the street and losing its feet was stopped by the two men who were riding in the rig at the time.

—The Fifth Annual Reunion of the Beckwith family was held at Rock City from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. on Wednesday of last week. About 100 members of this family residing in this vicinity were present on the occasion and a most delightful day was spent. The Beckwith family is one of the oldest and most respected in this section of the state and when its many members get together for a day once a year they know how to enjoy themselves.

—The automobiles of C. W. Sharpe of Derrick City and Dr. S. H. Haines of Bradford collided on the macadam road near Foster Brook last Thursday night, with the result that Mrs. Sharpe and daughter, Joy, and Mrs. Haines who were riding in the two cars were thrown out and injured. Mrs. Sharpe and daughter were thrown against the windshield of their car and the former was badly cut about the face, while Miss Sharpe sustained a cut over one of her eyes. Mrs. Haines was thrown from the car in which she was riding and suffered bad bruises. Mr. Sharpe and Dr. Haines, who were driving their respective cars, escaped uninjured. The fronts of the two automobiles were badly damaged and the cars were placed out of commission temporarily.

Amending the Game Laws.

A wild stab of sound made the helpless airwaves shudder.

"Great guns, what's that!" cried the man across the way.

"That," replied his wife, "is our neighbor, Miss Screech, singing at the open window."

The man scowled darkly.

"There should be no open season for windows in the Screech family," he grimly declared.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The True Vision.

Peace, modest lady, 'tis too much
That in and out of season
You put my loving to the touch
And test of icy reason.
Why since that much I see is due
To "auto necromancy;"
That only part of you is you,
The rest my foolish fancy?

Peace, gentle lady. Why protest
That love hath dulled my vision?
Can you believe that vision best
That boasts a cold precision?
Oh, rather bless my truer eye,
Whatever flaws it can't see,
That knows your sweet reality,
Yet holds you still my fancy!
—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Wise Precaution.

The day before she was to be married the old negro servant came to her mistress and intrusted her savings in her keeping. "Why should I keep it? I thought you were going to get married," said her mistress.

"So I is, missus, but do you s'pose I'd keep all dis money in the house wid that strange nigger?"—Success Magazine.

Another.

[With the conventional obeisances.]
She cannot sprint, she cannot spurt,
The woman with the hobble skirt,
A style concocted in a rage
By one who pled the fashion-page,
A style that surely should be canned,
That spoils the forest in the land;
A style that hath nor grace nor use,
Looks like the mischief and the deuce.
At crimes like that who'd be inert,
O woman with the hobble skirt?
—New York Mail.

The Right Size.

Customer—My wife told me to stop in and buy her a bathing suit. What are your prices and sizes?

Dealer—We have a very nice one here that I'm sure she will like. A fifty dollar bill will just cover it.

Customer—That is just about the size she wants. How much is it?—Judge.

Pyrotechnics.

Who rambles home at four a. m.
And tells his wife, "My dear,
I tried to see the sunset, but
It failed, love, to appear,"
If that she raps him o'er the head
Because he smells of bars
May, after all, be treated to
The sight of many stars.
—Toledo Blade.

Another Good Reason.

Talkative Passenger—When the rats desert a ship before it sails it's a sure sign that the ship is unseworthy, isn't it?

Able Seaman—Not always. They might discover that a Chinese cook had shipped.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Some Day.

Some day when you take your stand
Yonder in the promised land
You may wonder at the strife
That you tried to raise in life;
Ask yourself when harps you handle,
"Was the old game worth the candle?"
—Frank L. Stanton.

Going Some.

Mrs. Howard—Do come to see me soon. I live right around the corner from your house.

Mrs. Coward—Thanks awfully, but since we have our new motor I never call on any one who lives less than twenty miles away.—Life.

Short.

Her days are short
Down by the water;
But, oh, her bathing
Suit is shorter!
—Detroit Free Press.

A Second Rate Artist.

"Tell me the truth, professor. Will my son ever make an artist?"

"He might be good enough to paint Rembrandts and Titians," was the professor's peculiar reply.—Washington Herald.

Consolation.

Adonis was a handsome chap,
A goodly sight to see;
But, though his sort are scarce today,
Cheer up! You still have me!
—Lippincott's.

The Usual Way.

Myer—My motto is "Live and learn."

Gyer—I once knew a man who tried it.

Myer—Well?

Gyer—Just about the time he'd learned he died.—Chicago News.

For the Other Fellow.

How I love the hurdy-gurdy,
Though some curse it as a bore!
How I love the hurdy-gurdy—
Playing at some other door!
—Buffalo Express.

His Early Grouch.

"Some one always profits by our mistakes."

"Yes; the minister got five dollars when I was married."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Hence These Tears.

Beefsteak and onions through the land
Held favor, there's no doubt,
But now we eat the onion and
We eat the beefsteak out.
—Washington Star.

A Subdued Menu.

Crushed oats.
Beaten biscuit. Mashed potatoes.
Whipped cream.
—Puck.

A Pair of Bills.

Shakespeare was progressive quite,
And gentle Will,
If working now, would maybe write
For vaudeville.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Old Story.

ACT I.

Modest hamlet, blacksmith shop
Painted on a canvas drop.
Pretty Jane is talking with
Honest Jack, the village smith.

ACT II.

Comes a well dressed city chap
With some oily talk on tap.
Cuts out Jack, the village jay,
Jane decides to go away.

ACT III.

Paper snowstorm, railroad track;
Pretty Jane is walking back.
Cardboard engine makes a stir;
Jack arrives and rescues her.

ACT IV.

Pretty Jane to altar led,
She and honest Jack are wed
Out before the blacksmith shop
Painted on a canvas drop.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Easy.

The voter approached the politician with his usual humility.

"What will we do with the new bath tub trust?" he asked.

The politician presently looked up with his usual show of annoyance.

"Eh! What? It'll come in handy to whitewash the other trusts in," he said.

Double bowing the voter backed out.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Double Turn.

The juggler does a turn so neat;
But, after all is said,
We realize a juggler's feat
Depends upon his head.
—New York Times.

But when he stands upon that head
And featly thinks doth do,
Why, after all is done and said,
The reverse would seem true.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

So Careless of Him.

"Don't worry, my friend. There's nothing the matter with you but a slight indigestion."

"Great Scott, doc! The physician I sent for yesterday said I had appendicitis."

"That was very careless of him. He should have known you couldn't afford such an expensive disease."—Browning's Magazine.

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make in your own home, with your own hands, clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue.

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THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Good Groecries

We hold on Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

"Sunkist"

Oranges, Lemons

"SUNKIST"

means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

J. Colegrove,

Dealer in fine Groceries, Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.

A BIG SAVING!

THE BEST BOYS' MAGAZINE AND THE BEST NEWSPAPER

AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE McKEAN MINER, for the very low price given below.

You cannot bring into the life of the boy you love a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to The Boys' Magazine.

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36 large pages (11x15 inches)
Two fine serials
From six to eight clever short stories
Numerous special articles
Beautiful illustrations throughout
Handsome cover in colors (cover changed each month)
A Big Athletic Department, edited by
WALTER CAMP
Director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true, manly sportsmanship.
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THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR,
AND YOUR OWN PAPER,
THE McKEAN MINER ONE YEAR,

BOTH FOR $1.60

SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW

ADDRESS

The McKean County Miner, Smetport, Pa

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, August 11, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.

For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.

For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.

For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.

For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.

For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

A boom has been launched for John Mitchell, ex-president of the United Mine Workers, as candidate for governor of New York State on the Republican ticket.

At Provincetown, Mass., last Friday President Taft dedicated the huge monument erected at that city to commemorate the point where the Pilgrims first landed in America, before sailing up the coast to Plymouth Rock where the first settlement was made. The corner stone of the monument was laid three years ago by Theodore Roosevelt, then President.

The country wide agitation among American women's organizations to petition Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, daughter of ex-President Roosevelt, to desist from her practice of smoking cigarettes, is growing in proportion each day, and the movement will probably have a tendency to make existence mighty annoying to the "Princess Alice" in the future.

BRADFORD'S BIG WEEK.

Will Be Pennsylvania Elk's Reunion, Aug. 23-26.

Bradford's next big week will be August 23, 24 and 25, the occasion being the 4th annual reunion of the Pennsylvania B. P. O. E. Elks Association in that city.

There will be Elks lodges from all over the State of Pennsylvania and the reunion promises to be the banner one of them all.

Prizes will be given for the best uniformed lodge, for the largest attendance, for the largest Elk, for the Elk traveling the longest distance, for the best ball team and other prizes for the different events.

The big time will commence with a grand fantastic parade on the evening of the 23d. There will be a big oil well worker's parade, typical of that industry, on the 24th, and on the 25th the monster parade of uniformed Elk lodges will take place. It is expected that several thousand men will take part in this event. The proceedings will close with a grand Elk's ball on the evening of the 25th

On one of the days an aeroplane exhibition will be given. The committee has made arrangements with Glenn Curtiss, the famous aviator, to put on a flight with a Curtiss machine. This is the second aeroplane exhibition to be given in the State of Pennsylvania and will attract great attention.

Bradford is leaving nothing undone to prepare for this event and great crowds will undoubtedly visit that city during the three days.

The Lock Haven State Normal School is easily accessible from every part of Pennsylvania either by means of the Pennsylvania Railroad or the New York Central. It is located in a thriving town of ten thousand people on the west branch of the Susquehanna and in a locality that is famous throughout the state on account of its scenic beauty. The buildings are modern, comfortable and convenient. It has a faculty of College and University trained men and women. Its professional work is peculiarly well adapted for the training of teachers for the the public schools. If you are interested in a good school, address the Principal for an illustrated catalogue.

Young Men and Women.

Are you interested in making the most and best of your life? If so, let the Clarion State Normal School open correspondence with you with a view to helping you to get a good educational equipment. It has helped hundreds to enlarge their spheres of usefulness; it can and will help you.

Write for illustrated catalogue to

J. George Becht,
Principal, Clarion, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Eva Hopper is visiting in Mt. Jewett.

Detective Jones had business in Bradford yesterday.

Miss Hazel Hopper left yesterday for a visit in Mt. Jewett.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce left yesterday for a two weeks' visit in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Burdick left Monday for a visit to Atlantic City.

Llewellyn Stillwell of this office spent Sunday in Roulette.

Clarence Hooker of Bradford was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

Miss Kate McKean of Wilcox is visiting Smethport relatives.

Noble Schoonmaker has been spending his vacation at Crystal Beach.

Miss Thomas of Bradford is the guest of W. B. Meaks and family this week.

Harry Provin of Warsaw, N. Y., is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. L. Sloan.

E. E. Beckwith of Alfred, N. Y., was a welcome caller at this office Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus have returned from Cambridge Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barber of New Castle are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thos. W. Camp.

Guy Comes of Bradford spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Comes.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Pancoast of New York are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Miss Lena Wright of St. Marys spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Kate Wright.

Miss Edith Young who has been visiting in Detroit, Mich., returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. William Hafner left Friday for a visit with relatives and friends at Jersey Shore, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Mason and infant son of Chicago are visiting A. B. Armstrong and family.

Charles McGowan who has been located in Oklahoma for several months past has returned home.

Miss Marie Purtle, who has been visiting in St. Marys for several weeks past, returned home Saturday.

Martin Bloomburg and family of Chicago are spending a two weeks' vacation with relatives in town.

Mrs. A. H. Gaffney, son Joe, Mrs. Mary Badger and Mrs. Norton of Kane were Smethport visitors Saturday.

John Tretton of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tretton of East Main street.

Miss Ada Calkins was summoned to Olean yesterday by the severe illness of her mother, who is visiting at the home of her son in that place.

Mrs. Duello Acre and daughter returned to their home in Olean Monday after visiting at the home of Fred Digel of Farmers Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hopper and son of Bradford spent Sunday with Mrs. Hopper's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Thomas.

Mrs. C. H. Freeman and daughters, Flossie and Helen, left Tuesday to attend the Stevens family reunion at Canisteo, N. Y.

Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago is visiting in town, the guest of his mother and sister, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin and Mrs. W. L. Hammar.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Comes and son, David D., returned from a week's visit from Perry, Silver Lake and other points.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin returned home Friday from North Girard, Pa., where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. M. Spangle, for the past two weeks.

Col. Melville Gillette and Orlo J. Hamlin were Buffalo visitors on Monday, returning home in a silent six Mathueson, for which Col. Gillette is the local agent.

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield, Miss Larned, Miss Truesdale and Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Newman, returned Wednesday from a trip to Buffalo in the Redfield automobile.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barber of New Castle is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Walker.

Mrs. William Felch of New Castle is visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Garlick.

Harry Anderson of New Castle is the guest of Ed Walker.

Miss Marian Tebean of Buffalo is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick.

Miss Gates of Buffalo who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick the past week left for her home this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Blacklock and daughter, Marie, of Buffalo drove from that place Saturday last in their automobile to visit Mrs. Blacklock's sister, Mrs. Charles Provin of this place, and Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Barbour of Crosby.

Mrs. W. Stark accompanied her daughter, Marion, to Buffalo on her way to Geneva, N. Y., last week.

H. W. Rubin, W. F. Specht, Warley Gifford and H. S. Rubin automobiled to Shinglehouse, Coudersport and Austin on Tuesday.

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,
East Smethport.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Resolved (if the Senate concur), That the following amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section 26 of Article V., which reads as follows: "Section 26. All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation, and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law, and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform; and the General Assembly is hereby prohibited from creating other courts to exercise the powers vested by this Constitution in the judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Orphans' Courts," be amended so that the same shall read as follows:—

Section 26. All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation, and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law, and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform; but, notwithstanding any provisions of this Constitution, the General Assembly shall have full power to establish new courts, from time to time, as the same may be needed in any city or county, and to prescribe the powers and jurisdiction thereof, and to increase the number of judges in any courts now existing or hereafter created, or to reorganize the same, or to vest in other courts the jurisdiction theretofore exercised by courts not of record, and to abolish the same whenever it may be deemed necessary for the orderly and efficient administration of justice.

A true copy of Resolution No. 1.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.
RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to eliminate the requirement of payment of taxes as a qualification of the right to vote.

Resolved (if the House of Representatives concur), That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

That section one of article eight be amended, by striking out the fourth numbered paragraph thereof, so that the said section shall read as follows:

Section 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact.

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, if having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months), immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

A true copy of Resolution No. 2.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six of article five be amended, by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the county of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and coordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number

(Continued on Page 8.)

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

Estate of Jason A. Hall, Deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, the undersigned Administrator of said decedent, will expose at public sale, at the Court House, in he Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 30th day of August, A. D. 1910, at 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, the following messuage and tract of land:

ALL that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a maple tree at the northwest corner of the Peter Conley lot; thence east 18 rods 12 feet to a maple tree, being the northeast corner of the Thomas Conley lot; thence north 17 rods 6 feet to a post; thence west 18 rods 12 feet to a post; thence south 17 rods 6 feet to the place of beginning. Containing 2 acres be the same more or less and being the same premises conveyed by Roswell Sartwell and wife to Sarah A. Hall, by deed dated June 27th, 1892, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 68, page 215, McKean County Records.

Improved and having thereon a one and one-half story frame house with wing attached, a small barn and the usual outbuildings.

Terms of Sale: 1-3 purchase price down at time of sale and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Aug. 4-3t Administrator.

Lost—Tess, black and tan hound, long ears, medium size, white breast and paws. Reward for information or return.

4t CHAS. SMITH,
Box 248, Hazelhurst, Pa.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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DESIGNS
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

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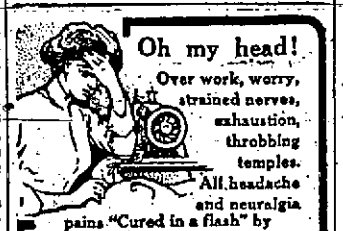

Oh my head!

Over work, worry, strained nerves, exhaustion, throbbing temples. All headache and neuralgia pains "Cured in a flash" by

ANTI-ACHE

Does not affect the heart
10c and 25c at all druggists
Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

Tell Me

YOUR WANTS

And you will be surprised at the low price of my SINKS, TUBS, ETC. Second door from the POST OFFICE.

E. W. STRONG

Fifty Positions Yearly

We can place 50 young men a year in positions paying $900 to $1000 Salary at the start, with chance for promotion. Ask for particulars; give age and school advancement.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, OLEAN, N. Y.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS.

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

JULY SALE ON ALL
Mens Shoes and
OXFORDS

Buy your celebrating footwear now and save money.

Sale starts June 25th, 1910.

$5.00 and $6.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.95
$4.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.15
$3.50 Shoes and Oxfords.....$2.95

Everything in our Shoe Department is reduced in price. Drop in and see for yourself before buying elsewhere.

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

SMETHPORT
INNER TUBES

Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

Automobile Tire Repairing, New Tires and Supplies always in Stock.

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
SMETHPORT, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

FIFTEEN-DAY EXCURSIONS

July 29, August 10 and 19, and September 2, 1910

ATLANTIC CITY
CAPE MAY

Wildwood, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City N. J.

$10.60 from Smethport

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent

Full information regarding leaving of trains on which tickets will be accepted may be obtained of Ticket Agents, or R. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. R. WOOD
Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD
General Passenger Agent

The Lindholm Company,

Mc Call's Patterns

MID-SUMMER REDUCTION SALE

READ EVERY WORD

OVER TEN MILLION DOLLARS SAVED

The men often laugh at the bargain hunting of the other sex. They picture the woman walking ten blocks to save TEN cents, but some one has estimated that more than ten million dollars are saved every year by the wives of these same men in this Country.

And it is done by patronizing just such chances as our

MID-SUMMER REDUCTION SALE

There are 10 days of it left. Make the most of the time. A thinking woman can save dollars and dollars simply by supplying herself with what would cost her more at some future time.

In most every instance our profits are wiped ont entirely, in every case there is a genuine worth while advantage to the Customer. "COME" and reap the benefit of the low prices on all dry goods, suits, millinery, slippers, Queen Quality shoes, Carpets and Linoleums.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Carpet Sweeper Sale

The BEST Costs No More

Surely not get the benefit of
—the roller bearings, which mean such easy running?
—the anti-tipping device, which prevents spilling the dirt?
—the brush that picks up every scrap, speck, string and raveling?
—and all the other improvements found in the

National Roller Bearing Carpet Sweeper

We want our customers to always get the most for their money. That is why we want to show you this sweeper.

FOR SALE AT

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, August 11, 1910.

Local and General.

—Mrs. John Saulpaugh entertained at cards Tuesday afternoon.

—Mrs. R. G. Lyle is quite seriously ill at her home on Hill street.

—J. Dugan is seriously ill at the residence of his son, Father J. F. Dugan.

—Norman Stanton of East Smethport is suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daly of South Mechanic street, Friday, Aug. 5, 1910, a baby boy.

—F. A. Green, the reliable miller, has a change of advertisement in this issue of The Miner.

—Mrs. D. C. Young entertained a party of ladies and gentlemen at Pine Grove farm last Thursday.

—Attention is called to the new advertisement of Daly and Garlick in another column of this issue.

—Two Bradford men are to take a professional minstrel troup on the road during the coming season.

—Mrs. J. V. McAlpin entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Church street yesterday afternoon.

—Miss Ruth Hungerford entertained a party of young people at a lawn party at her home on King street last evening.

—Fry & Comes are advertising attractive prices on "Wooltex" suits, skirts and coats in this regular space this week.

—The thirty-first triennial conclave of the Knights Templar is being held in Chicago this week, and is being attended by thousands of people.

—Owing to the lack of sufficient water in the mill pond, caused by the prolonged dry spell, Holmes & Gilfillan were compelled to shut down their saw mill Tuesday.

—The Lindholm Co. has an interesting advertisement in regard to the mid-summer reduction sale at their establishment, in another column of to-day's Miner.

—Jacob Huff, the well known "Far-away-Moses" under which name he contributed many articles to the press of this section, died at an early hour Monday morning of last week at his home in Charlton, Pa., aged 57 years. He was taken suddely ill Saturday.

—Mrs. Crippen died at her home near Farmers Valley on Tuesday. The funeral services are being held at Farmers Valley today.

—W. H. Gallup returned home on Monday from a Western trip driving a new Jackson touring car. It is a 50 horse power machine and has all kinds of speed.

—Misses Bessie Curran and Ella Gallup will give a Poverty Party on their adjoining lawns this evening (if it does not rain). About 60 invitations have been issued.

—This afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Burdick in Keating township, near this borough, will occur the marriage of Miss Beth Budick to Albert Lyon of Bradford. Particulars of this happy event will be given in this paper next week.

—George Schleiff of Sergeant township died at his home near Clermont early Tuesday morning, aged about 72 years. He had been a resident of this county for many years and was highly respected by all who knew him. He is survived by one son and one daughter.

—A movement has been started among the independent oil producers of Pennsylvania to build a refinery of their own and refine and market their product, thus freeing themselves from the grasp of the Standard Oil Company which now controls their output. The movement was started among producers of Warren, Pa.

—Owing to the prolonged dry spell the water in the reservoir became so low that it was necessary to place the water wells drilled by the water company some time ago, in commission during the past week. One of the wells was pumped dry but before the scarcity of water became serious, the rain which came Tuesday evening, relieved conditions to a marked degree.

—It is reproted that we have a "Jack, the pincher" in our midst. A few nights ago this human degenerate passed a young lady on King street and gave her such a pinch that her screams were heard down on Main street. The young lady did not recognize the individual and by the time men reached the scene he had made his escape. Our police should make a determined effort to capture and prosecute this degenerate sneak.

—From all reports circus day in Port Allegany, on Wednesday of last week, will be one long to be remembered by the better class of citizens of that place and also those from out of town who were present on the occasion.

—The following is from the Franklin notes appearing in the Oil City Derrick of Wednesday of last week: Prof. Tracy T. Allen, the new principal of the high school, arrived today from Smethport and has taken up his residence at 28 Ninth street. He will be joined lated by his family. During the summer Prof. Allen has been taking a course at the University of Chicago.

—During the past week, owing to the construction of a new cement walk in front of the property of Dr. Ostrander on east Main street, on grade lines to conform with the existing borough ordinance, it was made necessary to chop down several large, beautiful trees standing in front of that property, which stood in the line of the walk.

—The excursion over the Shawmut railroad to Riverhurst, Olean and Rock City last Sunday was largely patronized. The train, which consisted of six coaches was filled almost to its capacity when it left St. Marys, and people getting on along the line had to content themselves with standing room. About twenty-five persons went from this borough. The St. Marys band accompanied the excursion and gave a concert at Rock City.

—Gorton's minstrels, which closed last winter, upon the retirement of Jos. Gorton, the founder, from the business, will again take the road this season, under the active management of Middaugh and Jordon, who have been associated with Mr. Gorton in past years. This makes the 43rd season the Gorton show has been on the road. The attraction appears at the Lyceum in September.

—Miss Mabelle S. Essensa of Smethport, Pa., and William I Ray of Johnson City, Tenn., were married in Washington, D. C., at 8 p. m., Wednesday, August 3rd, 1910, at the parsonage of the M. E. church, 330 C street, N. W., by the Rev. Dr. Shannon. After visiting in Washington and other Eastern cities they will be at home to their friends after August 15th at the corner of Spring and Walnut streets, Johnson City, Tenn. The Miner extends congratulations on this happy event.

—Mrs. Shoemaker celebrated her 104th birthday at her home in Sabula, Tuesday. There were more than 200 friends from this section in attendance and the feature of the celebration was a basket picnic, Mrs. Shoemaker apparently enjoying as good an appetite as many of her guests of half her age. Her material wants were looked after by the Rev. J. Bel Neff, pastor of the DuBois M. E. church. He is much interested in the aged guest of honor and made a speech of felicitation. The brass band of Falls Creek furnished concert music.—DuBois Express.

—The Bradford Sunday Herald says: John Viglotti, aged 14 years was seriously injured by an explosion at the home of his parents, at the corner of Grove and North streets, at about noon Friday. The boy's mother and his sister, Florence, aged 5 years were also injured. A cartridge to explode dynamite was being handled by the boy and accidently exploded. Three fingers and thumb on his left hand were cut to shreds. His sister received a cut upon the forehead by some flying particles and one of the mother's knees was badly lacerated.

—James Quirk, owner of the Lyceum has installed a complete system of fire protection at this playhouse. Two water lines have been installed and a throttle and ten feet of hose located on each side of the stage while one of the lines has been run up into the working gallery of the scenery loft and a throttle and 25 feet of hose located at that point, making it possible to quickly extinguish any fire that might start upon the stage or up in the scenery loft, which is ordinarily a hard place to reach in case of a blaze breaking out. These precautions can not fail to give a feeling of security to Lyceum patrons.

—St. Marys has just succeeded in getting rid of two religiously insane men of whom the people there had become afraid. They were Dominick and Tony Coriglaino. For nearly six years Dominick and Tony worked at the Kindling Wood Factory in St. Marys and were counted as good steady men, but the horrors of the Messina earthquake last year worked on their minds and they became religious fanatics. They quit work in December, after that time they did nothing except pray. They would go to church in St. Marys and stay all day until they had to be driven away. Finally the people there became afraid of them and the county commissioners were notified to remove them from the town.

—The creosoting plant of the B., R. & P. railroad, located at Bradford, is ready to be placed in operation. As a test 400 beech and maple trees were treated to the creosoting process last Thursday night and the results were most satisfactory. It is expected that several more like tests will be made before the plant is placed in operation. By this process railroad ties are made almost indestructable and will "wear like (or better) than iron. The plant, which is the first to be installed by the B., R. & P. is complete in every detail and is expected to prove one of the best of its kind. The ties are first placed in a retort, and heated and later are submitted to a 200-pound pressure of creosote. The liquid is heated until it reaches 200 degrees fahrenheit before the work of preserving is complete. It is the intention of the B., R. & P. company to "embalm" the ties throughout, instead of forcing the liquid only two or three inches from the surface. It is estimated that the plant will avreage 1,200 ties every 24 hours.

—The St. Marys ipk slinger is still getting in his dastardly work and remains at liberty. On Wednesday of last week a prominent lady of that place had a costly dress ruined as she was passing down Erie avenue. A man was seen standing in the vicinity of where the deed was committed, shortly before, and several persons who saw him are certain they could identify the suspect if they should again see him. The rascal, it is believed, made his getaway after committing this last depredation by darting up a dark alley leading from the street, where the act was committed, to the rear of a pool room.

—The proposed constitutional amendments will be found elsewhere in this issue. Every voter should read them carefully.

Edinboro Normal Catalogue.

The McKean County Miner desires to acknowedge the receipt of the 1910-11 catalog of the Northwestern State Normal School, Edinboro, Pa. The catalogue is finely illustrated, and gives the information which young people who want to prepare to teach need to know. The fall term opens September 6.

The catalogue gives very clear explanation of the work of preparing teachers. It will prove helpful to any person interested in teaching, or who wishes to prepare to teach. The state pays the tuition at Normal Schools. This assistance affords special opportunity for young people, particularly for those who must economize in getting an education. A copy of the catalogue will be sent to any reader of this paper who wishes it. Send to the school for it.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids for the construction of a two story frame school building to be erected at Norwich, Pa., will be received by the Norwich Township School Board until August 20th, 1910, at which time bids will be opened and contracts awarded. The school board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. For plans and specifications apply in person to the undersigned.

J. B. OVIATT, President,
or A. G. McALLISTER, Secretary.
Colegrove, Pa., Aug. 2, 1910.
Aug. 11—2t

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

House for Rent or Sale.

Will rent very reasonable to the right party. Inquire of

H. C. WELLS.

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For a Splendid Dress Shirt with or without Collars. It is the

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ever offered in Smethport. If you buy at once you will have a large variety of patterns to select from. Sizes 14 to 17½

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MONHEIMER'S

FRY & COMES

WOOLTEX

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At Your Own Price

We have placed in our show window two Wooltex Suits which will be sold in a very unusual way.

They are both of the present season's productions and represent the very best efforts of the famous Wooltex establishment.

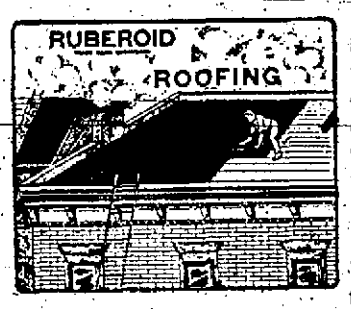
One is a $35.00 Suit which is reduced to $25.00. The other a $25.00 Suit reduced to $18.00.

The unusual feature follows—Each morning the prices on these suits will be reduced $2.00 until sold, for instance the $25.00 Suit is started at $18.00, the next day it will be $16.00, the following day $14.00 and so on down until the price is where you want it—Watch the tickets.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, - - - PENN'A.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the materjal every four feet.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

EDISON Phonograph as HOME ENTERTAINER.

It affords pleasure at all times to both young and old, and no home is complete without one. Our stock of records is the largest in the city and is of endless variety, of over Five Thousand selections.

Our "Easy payment Plan" makes it possible for any family to own one of these wonderful entertainers.

It brightens the home and brings happiness to both young and old.

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" Amberole records 50c each,
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Come in and let us explain our "Easy payment Plan."

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In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

A Mistaken Girl

She Found That She Was Not as Wise as She Thought

By ESTELLE MARSH

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I am in a quandary. I had supposed I would marry Donald Chase, and now comes Oscar Richmond to mix me all up. Donald is steady, honorable, has excellent judgment; Oscar is handsome, full of sentiment, fascinating. I know I should remain true to Donald, but Oscar carries me right off my feet.

The question of money does not enter into the matter. Donald is doing very well, earning a fair salary and with a prospect of being a partner. Oscar is out of business just now. I don't exactly understand why. He is very reticent. I like reticence in a man; it bespeaks self control. Oscar can talk with me by the hour without revealing any of his affairs. Of course if he proposes to me I shall expect that he will tell me everything.

I have tried to get Donald to tell me why he distrusts Oscar. He says he doesn't himself know why. It is quite likely that his distrust is due to jealousy. Donald is so honorable that he would not like to believe himself capable of doing a rival an injustice. He is unconscious that he is moved by jealousy.

I wonder who is this Girard Roberts he has brought to see us. He has known us but a few weeks, yet it seems that we have all been friends for years. It's strange how some people have a faculty of insinuating themselves at once into one's good graces. Already I call this man by his first name, and, though I have known Donald since I was sixteen years old, I still call him Mr. Chase.

I have sounded Girard Roberts as to what he thinks of Oscar Richmond. His reply was, "He's a bang up good fellow." That doesn't help me. But it's the most I can expect from Girard, who is all on the surface. Those people one becomes familiar with on short acquaintance seldom have any depth. I asked Girard what he thought of Donald and received the same reply, "He's a bang up good fellow too." I was served right for relying upon the opinion of such a lightweight person.

Girard Roberts seems to have plenty of money as well as a taste for jewelry. The other day Aunt Alida was showing him a diamond she wished to turn into funds. He told her to go among the jewelers, ask them to fix a price on it and he would give her $10 more than the highest bid. She did so and got a bid of $250 for the stone. Girard told her it was cheap at $20 and he would give her that for it. Accordingly the sale was made and Girard laughingly told us that he would rely on us as witnesses in case Aunty backed out. He didn't have the money with him, but said he would drop in at the next afternoon at 5 o'clock.

When he called Aunty was out. Oscar and I were in the library. Girard called me to say to Aunty when she came in that she would find the money for the diamond under a vase on the mantel in the parlor. I promised to do so. Oscar asked me to go to walk with him. I consented, went upstairs to get my hat, and we walked to the park. When I returned I had forgotten all about telling Aunty that the money for the diamond was on the parlor mantel. Indeed, I never thought of it till just before going to bed; then I told her. She went downstairs to get it. It was gone.

Everybody is dissatisfied with me and I am dissatisfied with myself for being so thoughtless as to have left $300 so long in an exposed position. It has upset the whole household. The servants who consider themselves under suspicion are going about looking very glum. Aunty is furious with me. I expected Girard would show his feelings toward me very decidedly. What a lovely fellow he is, after all! He told me not to give myself any concern about the matter; that doubtless the money would turn up, but if it did not there was no one to blame but himself since he should not have left so much money in such a place. He explained that he did not leave it with me because I was "flirting," as he called it, with Oscar and he didn't like to intrude upon us.

I asked him who he suspected, and he said that, since the front door stood unlatched and any one might have come in while we were at dinner or during the evening when we were all upstairs, doubtless some person engaged, possibly for an ordinary burglary, had entered and stolen it.

I have had a terrible, an awful visitation! Donald Chase turns out to be a thief—the thief who took the bills left on the mantel to pay for Aunty's jewel. This morning when he was at the house a constable called at his room with a search warrant and found the bills in his bureau drawer. To think that Donald, whom we have all known so long and considered the very soul of honor, should have done such a thing!

How could he have taken the money without our knowing it? What Girard Roberts told me is the only thing that fits the case. Doubtless Donald called, came right in, was waiting for some of us, when he noticed the bills. He must have taken them and gone out without making himself known.

I am broken hearted by this discovery that Donald Chase is a common thief. Singular, isn't it, that a girl doesn't know she loves a man till he turns out to be a thief? That's the way with us women; we are always acting by contraries. Not long ago I was uncertain about Oscar and thought Donald a splendid man. But I was fascinated with Oscar, and Donald seemed devoid of romance. Now that Donald is in trouble, through his own fault, I am giving him my heart.

Girard Roberts has just come in. He says that Donald has given bail for his appearance when his trial comes off and is now free. Girard says that, notwithstanding appearances are against Donald, he doesn't believe him guilty. "Then," I said, "I don't believe him guilty either." But the next minute I reproved myself for being influenced by this easy going man. Did he not say when I asked him his opinion of Donald before this matter occurred, "He's a good fellow too?" What's the use of considering the views of one who talks like that? I told Girard to tell Donald to come and see me, but he said he did not think Donald would until his innocence has been proved. I really believe there has been some mistake, but it is very hard to feel sure about it. It all happened so naturally—Donald's coming in just when the money was where he would see it—at least, who else could have come in?—and the bills being found in his bureau drawer. Oh, dear! I must stop thinking of the horrid thing or I shall go crazy.

One thing more I will say: After all, there is something just, too lovely for anything in Girard Roberts saying that he doesn't believe Donald guilty. If any one should take anything of mine and it were found in his bureau drawer I couldn't be so generous as to attribute the theft to an error.

Donald has been to see me. He did not act or talk like a guilty man. What's more, he didn't seem to realize his awful position. I supposed that he was more sensitive. Though charged with stealing money that was intended for aunty, with whom he has been on friendly terms for years, to say nothing of his devotion to me, he seemed very unconcerned. When I learned he was downstairs I nerved myself for a very painful interview. For fear I should say the wrong thing I thought over what I should say. When I entered the room I dreaded to look at him. Indeed, I kept my eyes on the floor.

"Donald," I said, "you know how interested we all are that you should clear yourself of this horrible charge. We will all do anything in the world to help you—Aunty, I, Oscar"—

I looked up, and what was my surprise to see an amused look on Donald's face. Indeed, he was smiling.

Then he advanced, took my hand and gave it a gentle pressure.

"Don't be troubled, little girl," he said. "There are always wheels within wheels. There is also such a thing as being too smart. I have something to say to you. Had I not I would not have come to see you resting under the imputation of being a thief. Listen. From the first I suspected something wrong in your friend Oscar Richmond. From what I heard I believed him to be a thief. I introduced into this household Girard Roberts, a detective"—

"A detective!"

"That's what he is. He laid a trap for Richmond and caught that Richmond, but no, he bought your aunt's diamond for the purpose of laying this trap. He put the bills to pay for it on the mantel as a decoy for Richmond. They were all marked, that he might prove them his property. Richmond took them, but, being a smart rogue and suspecting that we were on his track, sent a man with them to my room. This man represented himself as an old chum of mine, and my landlady permitted him to go to the room to wait for me. Once there, he put the money in my bureau drawer and went away. The next day Richmond arranged that a constable should go to my room to search for something he claimed he had lost. You know the result."

"But," I said, "Oscar Richmond did nothing criminal. You were trying to catch him, and he turned the tables on you."

"Wait a bit. Richmond was an accountant for a firm in San Francisco, from whom he skipped with $20,000. Roberts was employed by them to track him. My employing Roberts was a coincidence. Richmond's real name is MacEnery. He was arrested this morning and is now awaiting extradition papers to take him to San Francisco for trial."

And now I am alone in my room, trying to get settled down to the fact that I am myself, Oscar Richmond is not Oscar Richmond at all, but somebody else and a criminal. Donald Chase is not going to the penitentiary, but is to be my husband instead. Girard Roberts, who came to us with his apparently light character and trivial words—a skin deep man whom nobody either loves or dislikes—turns out to be one of those cunning detectives one reads about in stories. But now I know that he is a real detective he seems very different to me. Just as soon as it was all out, instead of calling me Alice he called me Miss Avery. I was so mad I could have choked him. Besides, I thought he was quite a gentleman. He is very plain. Indeed, Donald says he served a term as a policeman.

Well, well; I shall never again think I can tell the difference between a rogue and an honest man or between a gentleman and a thief hunter.

THE BLUE LINEN GOWN.

A Lost Bag and a Chase For the Owner.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

"Main floor—all out!" An elevator gate crashed open and sharp heel taps rapped across the tessellated floor, and a girl paused beside Fielding. He caught a glimpse of an exquisite profile under the drooping brim of a wide hat and a soft roll of dusky hair and a perfect figure gowned in blue linen. Then the girl fluttered away and boarded a downtown car.

Fielding's eyes came back and discovered something lying at his feet. He picked it up just in time to save it from the snatching grasp of a ragged street lad.

"Me mother lost it," asserted the boy brazenly as he hovered near.

Fielding smiled as he looked at the dainty bag of blue linen and white leather, heavily stitched and bearing a small monogram in gold in one corner. He tossed a quarter to the boy and studied the monogram closely. The intertwined letters were A and E.

With sudden recollection that the girl was getting farther away from him every moment, he jumped on the next South ferry car, stuffing the bag in his coat pocket.

He had scarcely ridden two blocks when a northbound open car passed swiftly. He caught a glimpse of a blue linen gown and large hat before it whizzed from sight. In another instant he was on the ground and crossing the street to catch the following car.

He made it easily and with a degree of satisfaction, for he felt no doubt that the owner of the blue bag was on her way back to the Biggs building to search for her lost property.

Fielding leaped from the car and dashed across the street in spite of a policeman's warning hand.

She had turned and was walking through the lobby when he reached her.

"OH, YES, INDEED, IT IS MINE."

side. He removed his hat and mopped his dripping face.

"I beg your pardon," he ventured to the crown of her big hat.

She stopped and turned a surprised face to his—not the exquisitely beautiful face he had hoped and expected to see, but the plain and intelligent countenance of his head stenographer, Miss Murphy.

"What is it, Mr. Fielding?" she asked, with surprise.

"I—I thought it was some one else," stammered her employer dazedly. "You see, I was looking for some one in a blue gown, and I thought you were she."

Miss Murphy looked suspiciously at his flushed countenance and noted his incoherent speech.

"Lots of girls are wearing these blue dresses," she reassured him; "most any one would have made the same mistake. Terribly hot, isn't it?" She bowed respectfully and caught an elevator going up.

Fielding stood in the doorway once more, hot and bewildered with his fruitless chase and angry with himself for having been so easily led astray by a blue gown and a large hat. Come to think of it, Miss Murphy's gown had lacked the peculiar attractiveness of that other, and her hat was a black one, while the one he sought was a soft white leghorn—not that Fielding knew a leghorn hat from a beaver or any other sort—he simply knew black from white.

He decided that there was a bare chance he might get a glimpse of the right girl if he once more invaded the lower downtown district. The owner of the blue bag must have missed it by this time, and every moment was only making his search for her more difficult. Of course he could advertise the bag, but that would be quite different from meeting the divinity herself and delivering the bag into her surprised and grateful hands!

Fielding forgot heat and hunger and weariness as he pursued his search for the blue gown. While he waited for a southbound car he caught a glimpse of a girl in a blue gown entering a jewelry store close by. Her hat was white and flapping, and he could not see the color of her hair, but her figure was everything to be desired and admired.

It was the work of an instant to enter the store and cautiously survey this girl in the blue gown, when a pink and white baby face, surrounded by puffs and sausages of pale golden hair, confronted him haughtily. He hurriedly made exit and boarded the first car that came along, trying to forget the anxious eyed jeweler who had rushed to the door in his wake.

Block after block the car jerked its way down to the Battery. Fielding, hot and eager and feeling very much of a fool in his obstinate quest. His afternoon was quite spoiled. There would be no shore dinner at the yacht club, no pleasant run through the Jersey roads. When the car reached the terminus he would take the subway and make a dash for home and a tub and then search for a bite to eat, for he was ravenously hungry.

At the Battery the green park lured his tired eyes from the hot streets, and he strolled for a few moments, watching the crowds hurrying to and from the ferries, his glance alert for the wearer of a blue linen gown. His common sense told him that the flower-like face of the girl he sought would not be among these crowds, but rather uptown.

Just then he saw her—unmistakably the one he sought. She was entering the door of the aquarium, and Fielding—old New Yorker that he was—who had never been inside its doors, was quickly after her.

Quietly, unobtrusively, he followed her from case to case, now and then catching a glimpse of her sweet face and again seeing nothing save the brim of her pretty hat. At last in the upper gallery he stood close beside her while they watched the darting golden forms of tiny tropical fishes.

Apparently she had not noticed his presence until he spoke in a low voice, and then she started and flushed rosily.

"I hope you will pardon me," he was saying, hat in hand, "but didn't you drop this bag in front of the Biggs building this afternoon?" He drew the bag from his pocket and held it forth.

"Oh, yes, indeed. It is mine," she said, with a joyful little laugh. "I missed it after I had boarded my car, and as I didn't know just where I had lost it I concluded not to bother about it. It contained nothing but my cards. Thank you very much."

She turned away with a graceful little gesture that indicated the interview was at an end, and Fielding, mentally cursing himself for an idiot that he had not investigated the bag and at least discovered her name, moved slowly in the opposite direction.

Absorbed in these melancholy thoughts and with the excitement of his quest at an end, he was leaning over the rail, gazing moodily at the performing seals on the floor below, when he heard the sound of a familiar laugh and his name uttered.

"Jack! Where did you come from? I've been waiting hours at the office for you."

His sister Eleanor panted indignantly toward him, her eyes wide with surprise. "Where is Alice—I thought you didn't know her?"

"I don't know her—whoever she is," he said a bit crossly. "What's up, Nell, and why were you waiting for me at the office?"

"You know I've been expecting Alice Evans to visit me. Don't say you have forgotten, Jack Fielding! She came this morning, and where do you think the child wanted to go the first thing? Why, the aquarium, of all places, and I had never been here myself! So I told her we'd go down to your office and you would take us to luncheon, and then we three would go down to the aquarium together!"

"Exactly!" said Fielding impatiently. "Well, we went to the Biggs building, and we must have passed you when we went up in the elevator, for they said you'd just gone down, and as they didn't know whether you had gone for the day or not we decided to wait. Alice became tired after awhile and said she couldn't stand the heat another minute, so she agreed to come down to the Battery and wait for us. When an hour passed and you hadn't returned I just came on! Now, where is Alice and where did you meet her?"

"Did she have on a blue linen gown and is she—is she—beautiful?" demanded Fielding eagerly.

"Yes—to everything," said his sister, with a curious glance. "I always said when you saw her you'd fall down!"

"She's here, then—see, yonder!"

Together they walked along the gallery, and then there was an exquisite moment for Fielding when Eleanor introduced the girl in the blue gown and her little gloved hand rested in his for a brief instant.

One day, long afterward, Jack Fielding told the girl in the blue gown how much he loved her.

"You see, dear," he concluded tenderly, "it must have been foreordained that we were to be more than ordinary acquaintances or I would never have been started on that mad chase in the hottest day of the year after your blue gown!"

"Very true," said Miss Evans demurely.

"And what are you going to tell me, dear?" he questioned anxiously.

A sweet smile curved her tender lips and her brown eyes sought his with the look that comes only once with its beautiful revelation—it's gracious surrender.

"Now that you have found me," she whispered softly, "you must keep me forever."

An Early Wall Paper.

On preparing a room in Bradbourne Hall, Derbyshire, in 1882, I found, partly covered by an old oak cupboard, considerable remains of quite early eighteenth century wall paper, of pale green tint, with a flowing pattern in darker color on it. This paper was made in squares of about twenty inches, and I was able to rescue two or more complete pieces. It had been printed on rather thick paper from woodcut blocks, and each square was nailed up with coarse iron tacks about one and a half inches apart, each tack being run through squares or washers of brown leather, so that both tack heads and washers showed all around each square of paper. It is possible that this wall paper was of late seventeenth century date. Bradbourne Hall, in the lower peak, is a picturesque house, almost unaltered, of the time of James I., having been then fashioned from the canonical house of the Augustins of Dunstable. It was just the place—"far from the madding crowd"—where curious details of domestic decorations would survive.—London Notes and Queries.

The Cynic's Point of View.

Of course we all like to know that our enemies are vulnerable, but it is only the cynical elect who can appreciate with fine epicurean fastidiousness the glorious revelation that their friends are human after all. And it is not only the weakness of those near and dear to us, but their misfortunes and annoyances, which give a thrill of illicit joy to those honest contortionists who can look in their own hearts. I once heard a young mother say that there was only one thing which gave her greater pleasure than hearing that the children of her friends were sick, and that was to hear that they were bad. No one but a brom-idiot (to borrow the excellent root with which Mr. Gelett Burgess has enriched us) would think of condemning this young woman for being malicious or unkind. Misery is not the only human quality that loves company. Some of her distant relatives—Anxiety, Discouragement, Annoyance—are equally sociable.—Atlantic.

The Forbidden City.

Peking has been a city for something like 3,000 years, first as the capital of a small state, then destroyed, again rebuilt and finally molded into the form in which we now know it, with its Chinese, Tartar, Imperial and Forbidden cities, each with its inclosing wall. Nobody has ever yet attempted to tell the full tale of its intrigues, its cabals, plots and counterplots. Few know anything about them. No one person knows them all. If only the bricks that form the walls could find a tongue. If only the pavilions on Coal Hill could produce the sights and sounds that have fallen to their lot to see and hear, there would doubtless be a tale to tell which might vie in interest and dramatic force with anything that ancient Rome or Babylon has given, even through the medium of fiction.—Shanghai Mercury.

Napoleon and Waterloo.

There is nothing in the result of the Waterloo campaign to show any decline in Napoleon's powers of mind. The plan of the campaign as laid down by the emperor was a most brilliant one, and had it not failed on the night of the 17th of June Napoleon would in all likelihood have kept his throne. Had it not rained and made the hard going he would have had his artillery in position four hours before he actually did, and Wellington would have been disposed of long before Blucher's arrival. Even as it was, the Iron Duke was pretty well used up when the Prussian came up on his left. Napoleon's genius never shone more brilliantly than it did in his last campaign. He was defeated by the elements and by the unaccountable stupidity of some of his lieutenants.—New York American.

Assyrian Seals.

The ancient Assyrians nearly 6,000 years ago put in moist clay their seals, engraved in intaglio upon precious stones, on chests and doors, in order to prevent their being opened. There were no locks or keys in those days. If they wished to send a private letter they would often seal it with a hippogriff, which fabulous, winged horse was regarded as the emblem of secrecy. Centuries later the Greeks and Romans adopted similar devices for the same purpose.

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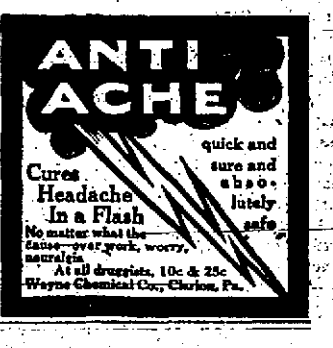
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Her Place

He Takes It and Wins Musical Honors.

By T. W. WINDHAM.

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Margaret Trentham, a fair Bostonian, stood in a room in a German pension. She was speaking to a young man, like herself a musician.

"You don't realize what it means to me, Mr. Tolstoy. This is my last turn here and the concert tomorrow my only opportunity of playing publicly in the Conservatoire."

"But the circumstances are exceptional," he urged. "It happens that Professor Meyerhaus is in Leipzig recruiting violinists for his American tour, and it occurred to me that perhaps he would include me in his orchestra as solo pianist"—

"By engaging me Meyerhaus would save the huge fees demanded by musicians who have made a name, and for me"—a pause gave additional weight to his words—"it means possibly the opening of a career. I should come before the public at once and without expense instead of returning to America to drudge at teaching, because I do not possess the means to make an imposing début."

"But you forget," she added in self vindication, "I have rehearsed with the orchestra throughout the term, and the conductor will not approve of a change at the last moment."

"I have already obtained his permission"—he began.

"Then if he is willing for you to play why does he allow the decision to rest with me?" she broke in.

The tension of a momentary silence tried him beyond endurance.—Rising, he walked to the door, pausing at the threshold.

"Forgive the intrusion. Unfortunately I misled myself with the belief that you would willingly cede a chance to a professional, being yourself an amateur and independent. I can only hope that your triumph tomorrow"—he lingered on the word in conscious irony—"will atone for the vexation of my visit."

A large cosmopolitan audience filled the Conservatoire hall for the final concert of the season.

An attendant opened the piano in readiness for the concerto as the pianist came forward, escorted by the master under whom she had studied.

She seated herself at the instrument, and a little ripple of applause broke from the balcony. Glancing upward in shy acknowledgment, she met the steadfast gaze of a man seated immediately facing her, who vouchsafed but the merest glance of recognition and resumed the study of a music score lying on his knees.

The players lowered their bow hands for several bars' rest. In the lull preceding the excerpt for the solo instrument the sound of a sharp indrawn breath struck downward through the silence.

The baton beat on steadily—three—four—

"One!"

No answering chord from the pianist. The conductor glared at her aghast, the orchestra in undisguised surprise. She started slightly, and the color flamed into her cheeks.

The baton swooped down again.

"One, fraulein!" The conductor leaned forward, half frantic. "Have you forgotten?" he hissed.

A soft, level voice prompted suddenly from the balcony. "The allegro movement; key A flat minor, extended chord."

She glanced swiftly forward with a little impulsive gesture and rose in her seat, faced the conductor, flashed a glance of swift defiance and passed with head erect through rows of thunderstruck musicians to the platform exit.

Bewildered comments were exchanged throughout the hall, and the notability in the stalls adjusted its spectacles rather irritably and awaited developments.

"These Americans! These Americans!" chafed the conductor, beside himself with rage; then he hurled an order at the doorkeeper, pointing to the balcony.

"Herr Tolstoy! Fetch him immediately!"

The man at the end had already disappeared, and in the passage connecting the platform with the cloakrooms he encountered the retiring pianist.

"Quick!" she whispered. "The conductor called for you."

His face glowed with trembling, exultant gratitude. He seized her hand and started backward conscience stricken as a tear fell glistening on her sleeve.

She rushed past him disconcerted, paced the step or two down the passage and turned abruptly to avenge her momentary loss of self control in an outbreak of reproach.

"Why don't you go? My failure gives you your opportunity. Pray don't hesitate to avail yourself."

"I'm sorry, so sorry"— he began.

"Do go!" she reiterated less harshly. "They will continue the program. It will be too late in another moment."

Though his hope of the future depended on that moment, he still stood irresolute, gazing in sheer fascination at the tear stained, imperious face.

"Do go! Do please go! It won't have been any good if you don't, and I shall never forgive myself"—

"Herr Tolstoy!"

The stentorian voice of the doorkeeper rang down the passage, and she darted through a doorway.

Her companion followed, stopped a second, and his lips seared her cheeks.

In the next the platform door closed behind him.

An echo reached her of the allegro—rippling, lightening, swirling across the keys, subdued at intervals to the tumult of orchestral accompaniment, then ringing again, triumphant, quivering at the last with the rapt, exalted passion of a love song, followed by the silence that is greater than applause.

The pianist himself broke the spell, rising from his seat. The hall shook with a burst of enthusiasm. He passed unheeded through the platform exit.

The white haired notability removed his glasses with a sigh of satisfied enjoyment and turned to his colleague, his rugged Teutonic features softening into a smile.

"Your American young ladies—do they often take stage fright? But her compatriot! He is magnificent! To play that most difficult concerto without notes, without rehearsal—touch, technique perfect! Consider also his youth"—

The director broke in with adroit explanation and suggestion. The professor beamed with delighted recollection.

"It is the same, then, who offered his services? You are right, my friend, that I should change my mind, that the world should hear of him. He shall go with me on tour."

Twilight in the park, the sharp, gray twilight of late autumn. A smart electric runabout, with a lady at the lever and a chauffeur at her side, joined the stream of vehicles entering the park at the Plaza. Her features were only partially visible through her automobile veil, but an involuntary exclamation broke from a man pacing aimlessly along the walk.

"Miss Trentham!"

"Mr. Tolstoy!"

With the answering cry of recognition she drew up close to the walk, heedless of the rules of the road.

Half hesitating, Tolstoy went forward.

"So you are back in America, Mr. Tolstoy?"

"Yes." He muttered the monosyllable without raising his eyes.

"And I see from the papers that your European tour was a great success."

He blurted out a second affirmative.

For the moment she was slightly nonplused; then with infinite tact she once more took the initiative.

"You are soon appearing in New York?"

"Tomorrow at Carnegie hall," he replied shortly.

Boardmen were parading Broadway with notices of the professor's concert. It humbled him that she had not noticed the large type at the foot of the boards—"Solo pianoforte, Mr. Alfred Tolstoy."

"A matinee?"

He nodded stiffly.

"Of course I shall go. It will be a great pleasure to me to be present at your debut," she continued.

"It happens to be the last concert of the series," he said icily.

"I had no idea," she began in a tone of eager explanation. "But, then, I have been traveling abroad a good deal with my parents since I saw you last. We only returned from Switzerland a couple of days ago."

The fact accounted for her apparent indifference, and his expression softened, but he stared moodily before him to avoid her eyes, and the handsome turnout in which she was seated with her liveried chauffeur somehow forced on him a sense of social disparity. When she spoke again her voice had a shy, hesitating ring.

"I need scarcely ask if you are successful?"

He produced a memorandum and read out some details—no trace of pleasure or enthusiasm in his tone, only a cynical sort of triumph in the sense of achievement.

"Tomorrow is my final appearance in New York with Professor Meyerhaus for the present. I am booked subsequently for various musical receptions; also the principal concert agents have made me very flattering offers."

"Shall I congratulate you?" she asked slowly.

"If you had congratulated me that night at the Conservatoire," he broke out resentfully, "and given me the opportunity to thank you"—

"You could not expect me to wait to face every one after my failure. Besides"—she turned away her eyes to hide a sudden confusion—"you—you had already thanked me."

"It was not only to thank you— He was confused now, struggling with an increasing desire to make his hopeless avowal.

"I owe my subsequent success to you," he continued pedantically.

"No, indeed!" she broke in eagerly. "But—I am glad—more than I can say—that you have realized your ambition."

"I suppose I have."

His tone gave the lie to the acknowledgment.

He had fallen so pitifully short of realization. Could she but know!

Despair overwhelmed the remnant of his pride and self control. He raised his eyes, aflame with his secret.

"I am still striving," he said haltingly, "for the unattainable."

She darted a questioning glance. The grim white face strained toward her through the dusk, and conviction flashed swift upon her.

She bent impulsively, with a radiant, triumphant smile. Her voice swayed with a little tremor of delight.

"I think I understand. But you are mistaken. For all you know the unattainable may be within reach."

Captain Bunn

He Made a Change in the Name of His Boat.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Captain Benjamin Bunn scrubbed down the deck of the Lovely Eva, opened the cabin windows wide to the fresh breeze blowing across the bay, hustled the coffeepot on to the little stove in the spotless galley, planted the frying pan beside it and then went and sat on the bowsprit and waited for the baker's boy to bring the breakfast rolls.

The Lovely Eva lay in wooded creeks just above high water mark. Salt grass and the white sandy beach formed her garden plot. Beach plum trees, pungent barberry bushes and, in season, the tall pink marshmallow clustered about her black hull.

Above deck all was shipshape. In summer comfortable chairs and a table under a sail awning made an open air lounging place for Captain Bunn and his associates. In winter they gathered about a glowing stove in the cozy cabin.

While the coffee frothed in the pot and the bacon sizzled crisply in the pan in the galley, wheels crunched down the beach road, and the baker's wagon rolled down on the sand, turned and went better shelter back again under the bow of the Lovely Eva.

Several hours passed in this congenial labor, while the sun, mounted higher and the beach became a blazing white stretch. A woman stepped slowly along the sand holding her lilac print skirts primly above her neat shoe tops. She wore a wide lilac sunbonnet, and her bright brown hair and fresh, youthfully pretty face were framed in it like a pleasant picture. Her brown eyes changed expression as she came upon the busy captain in the lee of the sailboat.

"Howdy—howdy, Miss Willie?" chirruped the captain delightedly. "Tell me how she looks—fine as silk, eh?"

"It looks beautiful, captain," said Miss Willie Deems critically. "It shines like a frosted cake. What have you named her?"

"Nothing—as yet," returned the captain uneasily.

"What are you going to name her?" insisted Miss Willie.

"I haven't thought of a name. I've been trying to think of something pretty."

"I must say I'm interested in what you're going to call your new boat," said Miss Willie. The captain's blue eyes met hers in puzzled inquiry. "I dare say—I dare say!" he murmured, looking away from the lilac sunbonnet. "I never was good at naming a boat, Miss Willie!"

Miss Willie turned slightly and surveyed the nautical home of Captain Bunn with a quizzical eye that lingered on the name painted in small gilt letters under the bow. "So long as you've named the sloop after Eva Raymond you ought to name the sailboat after somebody else." Her gaze came back to the captain's reddening face.

The color spread under the gray whiskers, mounted to his forehead and disappeared under the peak of his white duck cap. He removed his pipe and waved it fiercely in the air, his eyes blazing ominously.

"Eva Raymond!" he snorted. "Who said I'd named the sloop after her?"

"She said so," returned Miss Willie complacently, "and Evangeline Cook says it was named after her, and Evalina Taylor says it was named for her; they all three fit it out five years ago at the missionary society, and they're not through talking about the mean things that was passed to and fro to this very day. They hate each other like poison, all on account of the naming of that sloop!"

"That sloop's been named Lovely Eva for the last ten years."

"But what you going to name the new boat?" asked Miss Willie sweetly.

Captain Bunn tramped through the sand until he stood beside Miss Willie. "I've been wanting to tell you something for a long time, Miss Willie. I thought maybe I could say it better out on the bay with a good stiff breeze filling the sails and the water running under the keel of the new boat. I've thought of a name for the boat, but I wanted you to suggest it." He was looking very red and uncomfortable indeed, but his square shoulders were set youthfully erect, and his handsome face was deadly in earnest.

Miss Willie saw all this through her long eyelashes, and her voice was a little shaky as she replied: "Seeing as the big boat is called Lovely Eva, why don't you name the new one Beautiful Eva? And the skiff you can call Little Eva. Then the whole three would be satisfied. That's my suggestion."

The captain stared dazedly. "Then you believe I named the big boat after one of them women?" he demanded.

"I haven't thought much about it," lied Miss Willie carelessly. "They're your boats. Name 'em to suit yourself."

"All right, Miss Willie. Then I shall call the new boat Wilhelmina after you, because, you know, Miss Willie, I was going to ask you to—marry me and come and live here with me forever!" The captain's bold hand rested on Miss Willie's slender shoulder with a caressing touch.

Her face grew pink and then paled wistfully. What a refuge the quaint home on the beach would be to her, the village dressmaker, whose days were spent in going from house to house and whose ears were wearied with much gossip and whose eyes were tired of dashing needles and the whir of the sewing machine! What a blissfully happy existence would be here in the snug shelter of the sloop, with its perfect arrangements for housekeeping; the indulgent captain for a husband! And—here Miss Willie's head drooped—there was nobody quite so lovable as Captain Benjamin Bunn! That was Miss Willie's carefully guarded secret, that and her jealousy of the three Evas of Little River village. Her face grew quite pale again as she shook off Captain Bunn's hand.

"I couldn't live in a house or a boat that was named after another woman. You can see how they'd all talk, especially if they didn't marry you themselves," she said resolutely.

"Marry me themselves!" roared the captain. "You don't mean them three women wanted to marry me?"

Miss Willie nodded proudly. "Every one of 'em has laid claim to you ever since you sailed into harbor with 'Lovely Eva' painted on the sloop."

"She had that name when I bought her down to Rockport. What can I do? It's bad luck to change a boat's name," said the captain helplessly.

"Perhaps you'll think it good luck not to change it," retorted Miss Willie stiffly, once more turning away. And this time Captain Bunn did not detain her.

He watched her with grave blue eyes from which all the happiness had died until her lilac skirts had fluttered around a pile of great bowlders, and then, with a long sigh, he picked up his painting materials and trudged up to the sloop.

The result of a long meditation was visible the next morning when Captain Bunn rigged a small scaffolding and swung himself to a seat under the bow of the Lovely Eva. Cheerfully he worked, and he sang lustily the chorus of "Ben Bowline." It was a short job, but one requiring delicacy and skill. When it was finished he performed a similar operation on the port bow and then hurried to the stern, where he stood on a board and carefully repainted the white letters that announced the name of "Lovely Eva, Little River."

Then he flew down to the sailboat and with loving care lettered the name of "Wilhelmina B." on stem and stern. He had long finished his work and was fresh and clean in a suit of white drill when a gaily clad girl on the beach from Little Village, the gilt of the weekly news, spied.

"Good morning, captain," he hailed cheerily. "I received your message about the new boat, so I've come down to have a look at her. A beauty, isn't she?" He stood still and examined the boat with a critical eye.

"I think she's pretty fine, Mr. Brown. I'll take you out tomorrow. Perhaps we can get a few blues outside, eh?" The captain beamed happily. Everything would be well now, and in the distance he could see Miss Willie Deems picking her way down the beach toward him.

"Makes the old sloop look some shabby," he remarked, calling attention to the boat on the sand above them.

Mr. Brown turned and looked at the sloop. He squinted long at her and then went up closer. "What's the matter with her name, captain? I thought"— He turned a puzzled look on the captain, who was watching him with twinkling eyes.

"What is the matter with her name?" repeated Captain Bunn innocently.

"Why, I thought her name was Lovely Eva, but, by George, it's Lonely Eva!"

The captain laughed. "It's always been Lonely Eva—queer name, isn't it?—but somehow the first stroke of the 'n' wore off and left a 'v.' It's never been painted back again till awhile ago. You see, that's her real name."

"Now that is quite a joke," mused Mr. Brown, with eyes mirthfully reminiscent of two spinsters and an ambitious widow who laid claim to the name of Eva. "I wonder if you'd object to my writing that up for the paper. I never heard the sloop called anything except Lovely, although I guess it's been mighty lonely sometimes." He laughed at his own joke.

"Write her up; write her up!" agreed the captain heartily, with a wave of his hand to the departing editor.

He saw Mr. Brown greet Miss Willie with great deference, and then he stood quietly waiting until she reached his side.

"I expect I'm acting like a fool over the name of that boat," she began hurriedly, when Captain Bunn's pointing finger brought her to an abrupt pause.

"Do you think any woman 'll ever lay claim to having that sloop named after her, Willie? Any woman in Little River going to acknowledge her name to be Lonely Eva? Not on your life!"

Miss Willie saw and blushed and then laughed merrily. Then her face sobered. "I suppose it might seem an awful mean thing if you had ever been—had ever shown them any attention," she hesitated.

"I never did," asserted the captain stoutly. "Why, Willie, I never even called to see one of 'em. It lets everybody out of it very neatly, I think. And now how do you like the name of the new boat?" He turned her about, and she looked at it in silence for a few moments.

Then happy tears filled her eyes. "Why—why have you painted her Wilhelmina B., captain?" she asked, although she knew the answer.

"It means Wilhelmina Bunn. That's to be your name after this, eh, dear?"

In the shadow of the Lonely Eva Captain Bunn leaned over and kissed Miss Willie on the lips.

"Take the Siding"

A Warning by Which an Accident Was Averted.

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE.

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After an absence of four years from Radnor, James Casey had returned as superintendent of the eastern division of the railroad and had married Libbie Nelson. The wedding was only yesterday, and now that it was over and they had started for the east the villagers had time to revert to the story. The Nelsons were so proud of their new son-in-law that they could not restrain themselves from telling, despite the protestations of Libbie and Jim.

Shortly after the night of the church concert when Casey heard Libbie Nelson sing that song which had something in it about "angels in charge" he commenced to think things about angels, and one day his imagination evolved an angel, or something as near like one as he could picture. When Casey's mental vision beheld it he broke into a satisfied grin. If brought forth to visual observation it would have appeared strikingly like Libbie Nelson.

Things went along quietly for two months and then something happened.

While Casey was on his way to the yards at Buffalo to board 300 for the return trip an ambulance went galloping past him. Ambulances pass people frequently in a big city, and there was nothing about this one in particular to apprise Casey that Nat Taylor, fireman for Bill Whalen, who was running 809, was inside. It was a nasty night, and Taylor had slipped on the icy tracks and broken a leg.

When Casey, with a few extra minutes on hand, sauntered into the train dispatcher's office he found that institution in voluble ferment. Of course everybody was sorry for Taylor, but a fireman with a broken leg was of small concern in comparison with the awkward situation in which he had left them.

A special, carrying the president of the road from New York to Chicago on business of vital import, was at that moment only ten miles from the station and coming at the rate of a mile a minute.

Bill Whalen, one of the best engineers on the road, and 809, the pick and pride of the roundhouses, were out in the depot yards waiting to relieve the incoming and already overheated locomotive. Whalen and 809 were ready to couple on at a moment's notice, but no substitute had yet been found for Taylor, and there were precious few minutes to spare.

Casey was not given long to ponder on the excitement of the office. He had no more than crossed the threshold when Thompson, the train dispatcher, literally leaped across the room and grasped him by the arm.

"Get out to 809 as quick as you can!" he shouted. "Hurry! For God's sake hurry! Don't stop for anything! Run! Whalen 'll tell you!"

Casey peeled off his coat as he was climbing into the cab, and he had scarcely grabbed a shovel and commenced to throw coal when the special, straining and wheezing, crunched on the track alongside.

Switching and coupling were matters of seconds only, and, although the night was intensely cold, two men stood on the platform of the single coach anxiously watching proceedings. One was a large, stern visaged person. He was restless. He chewed at his short white mustache, buttoned and unbuttoned his fur coat and never took his eyes off the engine until they were getting under headway.

"Do your best, boys!" he shouted across the tender to the men in the engine as they shunted on the main track and set off. The determined nods he received in reply were assuring.

Wakeful farmers and belated villagers were puzzled by the unusual traveler as 809 with her single consort momentarily flashed on their view like a monster one eyed demon wraith, sliding, gleaming, screeching across country.

The special had left murky Cleveland and had climbed the long west grade to the bluff land bordering the lake. The snow had turned to sleet, and everything indicated that it had been sleeting for some time in that locality. The landscape glistened, telegraph poles and fences shone like crystal specters, wires were thick with incrustations, and after a distance they were sagging, and then some were broken and dragging on the ground.

"There's no use talking," growled Whalen, "I've got to slow down some or we'll be blown into the middle of nowhere. Get away from this devilish lake, then we can make up."

He eased 809 a bit. Yet she puffed and pulled and stuck nobly to her task.

"If orders to clear the tracks didn't get through before those wires went down we may be all in," observed Casey.

"You're about right," replied Whalen glumly, "but the only thing I can do is to watch for signals."

"And in a drizzling sleet like this there might just about as well be no signals," continued Casey.

They had passed Dempsey and in another forty minutes would reach Radnor. Under ordinary conditions the local was due at this point, but if no error in orders had occurred she should be waiting now on the siding at Putnam, the station beyond, giving right of way to the president's special.

The strain was beginning to tell on both men and on Whalen in particular.

Casey was turning away from coaling when he noticed Whalen lean against the window post.

"Come, take the lever for a minute," he called. "I'm feeling bad"—Before he could finish he slid to the floor of the cab.

Casey, bending over him, saw he was unconscious, but whether dead or in a faint it was impossible for him to determine in the cramped space and under the stress of responsibility which suddenly presented itself. In a flash he realized his position. He recalled afterward how he was planning what to do even as he stepped across Whalen's prostrate form and grasped the throttle lever.

The fire bed would last to Putnam, and there he would coerce some one from the sidetracked local to finish the run. Yes, he could do it—that is, if the track was clear.

Casey was leaning half out the cab window in his eagerness to watch the track and catch the signal. His dark eyes pierced into the great invisible; his head was bare and his black hair was a disheveled mass; his neck, which was bare also, despite the sleet and cold, seemed to spring out twice its usual size from his masterful shoulders. His face was tense. He had called into command every bit of human vitality he had in him to battle with the horrible possibilities he was facing and was facing alone.

Faintly the signal came to view—very faintly, waveringly and indistinctly at first, then a trifle plainer until he caught its full significance.

"Clear track!" it indicated.

He reached toward the lever to throw on more speed, but instead, out in the black night and just ahead of the cab window, glided the spirit form of Libbie Nelson. She was peering intently ahead.

"Take the siding!" she motioned to Casey, and instantly his hand was impelled to the whistle and 809 was shrieking for the switch to the Radnor sidetrack.

Casey felt as if a kind of insanity had seized him, yet he slowed down and then found himself watching for the switch signal, and watching eagerly, impatiently.

He brought 809 to a full stop. He waited.

Why didn't they send the signal? Would the siding never be opened? Was it ice locked? What was wrong anyway? He asked himself a thousand questions as he grew more and more frantic with apprehension.

It seemed that he had waited there a hundred years when he finally caught the flash of the waving lantern.

Then he had to get 809 into action again. It took only a few seconds, but those seconds seemed hours.

When the locomotive moved forward Casey, pressing forward also as if to carry the great, throbbing engine with him, looked half mad with dread of the imminent the imminence of something terrible and near.

But 809 didn't fail him. She obeyed the commanding touch which he applied to the levers.

And Casey was obeying the commands of the recognized supernatural, yet for the life of him he couldn't understand.

The special shot on the siding with not a second to spare from colliding with the local.

Then he understood, and his gray, trembling lips murmured one word. That word was "Libbie!"

When Casey staggered down from the cab he was weak, so weak that it was all he could do to stand. At first he seemed to forget who or where he was. Then gradually his mind cleared and he looked about him.

"Whalen's come to," some one told him. "Had some kind of a spell."

They had taken Whalen into the station.

Stamping up and down in the snow and the slush was the president of the road, blustering with mingled gratitude and severity and firing questions at the dazed Casey.

When Casey fully regained his senses it was wonderful what things he remembered; things that he had scarcely noticed when they happened, even details after he gave way to the supernatural. One thing, however, he failed to mention when telling of the peculiar influence that had controlled him, and that was the name of Libbie Nelson.

"It was a premonition," he insisted.

"Young man," said the president, gripping Casey's rough hand when they were parting at Chicago, "those who were responsible for that affair back yonder will be dealt with summarily.

"As for yourself, the rules of this company compel employees to run trains by orders and signals instead of by premonitions. As you have disregarded a signal, even though it would have proved disastrous if you had obeyed it, it would be the duty of your boss to dismiss you. I shall, however, take it upon myself to do that. This is your last trip. Consider yourself discharged."

Casey was weary and jaded almost to the limit of human endurance. He was the picture of woe and would have turned away, but the president still gripped his hand.

"But," he continued, with a twitching around his mouth, "there's something in you that calls for better things than firing on a locomotive. I have your name and address—here are mine," handing Casey a card. "Be at my office in New York two weeks from today. I'm in a tremendous hurry now. Thank you for your splendid run, and goodby."

Two weeks later Casey called on the president and received his reward.

With "NEBRASKA BILL'S" WILD WEST to Appear at McKean County Fair, Sept., 6-9 1910

(Continued from Page 4.)

five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such manner as shall be provided by rules of court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the county of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

A true copy of Resolution No. 3.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.
A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amendment to Article Nine,
Section Eight.

Section 2. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation," so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such maner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, exept that any debt or debts, hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

A Local Hero.

The following was read at a Grange meeting held at Farmers Valley, and is published at request of the Grange:

Our Poem.

Lister, dear patron, and you shall hear
Of a man as brave as Paul Revere.
We've read brave actions by the score,
But never of any right at our door.
On Sunday last, as the cows came home,
Driven by a man who was quite alone,
Two cows had strayed from the herd away,
And had to be sought without delay.
The man searched some distance back
And found them at last by the railroad track.
Now a railroad track is no safe place
For cows to be walking no matter what pace.
Our hero followed the track by the wood,
Hoping to leave as soon as he could;
When he heard a whistle so sharp and loud,
And saw behind him the thick smoke cloud.
He ran, threw stones, and shouted "Whey,"
But one cow on the track determined to stay.
The train came closer up behind,
But the man kept rescue still in mind.
On came this terrible monster,—on,
Till it seemed that safety could not be won.
The trainmen unable the train to stop;
With closed eyes awaited the awful shock.
But just in time our hero brave
Jumped from the track his life to save.
Not to succeed, but to do his best,
This surely is a hero's test.
Our friend still passes by each day;
His back is bent, his hair is gray.
But now we know he's a hero brave,
Since he tried so hard the cow to save.
Not success do we count in life,
But the effort put forth to meet the strife.

By Beatrice Day.

THE ERIE WAS LATE.

Stork Visits Train No. 105 at Olean Station.

Dunkirk, Aug. 6—Erie train No. 105, due at Dunkirk at 1:05 in the morning, was an hour late, and the reason for the delay will appear unique in the report of the public service commission, for it was the stork that interferred with the time card, and when the train started again it carried a little passenger who came into the world while the train stood at the Olean station. The mother was an Italian woman who had come from New York and was on her way to Salamanca.

Both mother and child were reported to be doing as well as could be expected under the trying circumstances.

A School of Merit.

Established 1882. No paid solicitors. No false inducements. Westbrook Com'l Academy, Olean, N. Y.

The recent commencement of the Lock Haven State Normal School is noteworthy for several reasons; one being the fact that the school graduated the largest class in its history and the other that a very satisfactory lecture and entertainment course was completed during commencement week by a splendid presentation of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" on the front campus by the famous Bensroet players of England. The educational value of this performance was in itself sufficient to warrant the large outlay. It will pay you to see the beautiful catalog of this first-class school.

FRESH AIR CHILDREN.

To Those of Our Readers Who Love God and Little Children.

"Please, Leddy, ain't there somebody as'll take me an' Nellie along with the 'Fresh Airs' this summer?" A little lad barely ten who sells papers as soon as school "lets out" waits for our answer.

"Say, Mister, yer know we can all sleep in one bed if yer'll only take us. Willie and Joe ain't never seen the country, an' last summer I stayed home so's Mary could go." This time it is a "little mother," barely in her teens who pauses at the washtub in a dingy kitchen and hastily wipes away a tear.

10,000 children of the tenements turn to us pleading as only a child who is hungry of heart and body and soul can plead for a taste of God's out-of-doors. One question burns on the lips of each and all; one pitiful appeal for just a short, sweet, joyous holiday before the summer draws to a close.

Generous contributions from all parts of the great metropolis make it possible for us to send this season 4,000 children to the Tribune Fresh Air homes, those who are sick or in delicate health being our first care. But how shall we answer the other 6,000 whom our Homes cannot accomodate?

Friends, the answer rests with YOU. Remembering with warmest appreciation the noble response that has come from the country in seasons past, and grateful for every invitation extended last year, we once again seek kind hearted men and women who will shelter under friendly roofs these children of the poor for a brief two weeks.

Children who have never seen the glory of the sunset, the white splendor of the moon over quiet fields, or the majesty of the stars. To you these are only a summer day, or a summer night; to these children for whom we plead the wonder-book of Nature unfolds new mysteries every hour; sights and sounds that are never to be forgotten; days and nights to be lived over again for many dreary months to come.

Then we can open wide the gates of Heaven-on-earth to this pitiful army of boys and girls who, if our mission fails, will be left the summer long to the wretched lot of the tenements—the sultry breezes of the hot city—the burning playground of the street. By this means can we answer the prayer of the tenement dweller, when she first saw the country:

"If Heaven is like this; I don't care how soon I go."

Is there a field white with daisies or bright with buttercups at hand? Then share its beauty with those who are strangers to the wild flowers. Is there a brook near by? Then give some little child the supreme bliss of "paddling," that into a cramped and stinted life may flow its rustic music. Are there feathered songsters in the treetops? Robin redbreasts on the ground? Listen: there are children—hundreds, thousands of them—who never in all their lives have heard the call of a bird to its mate; who think of the sky as a narrow strip of murky blue high up between tall buildings and of the grass as small spots of green made to look at in city parks—with signs everywhere to "keep off."

Finally, it is your privilege to add to Nature's Tonic the magic potion of LOVE, to "mother" for a short two weeks some little girl whose own mother lacks the time to look on the heart side of life in the struggle for bread and shoes; to take some little lad who never got a right start in life and give him an understanding of Right and Truth.

You know what it means to hear the prattle of childish voices in the home; the sound of little feet on the stairs; the smile of childish lips at the close of day. Perhaps you have missed these things since your own little ones grew up—perhaps you never knew. Be that as it may, here is your golden opportunity to aid in this Christlike ministry to the children. Remember the words of the children's Friend who said:

"He that receiveth one such child in My name receiveth Me."

Faithfully yours,
JOHN BANCROFT DEVINS,
Manager of the Fund.

Note.

All expenses of transportation are met by the Fund and escorts are sent with the children both ways. Competent workers see that the children, who range in age from six to twelve and one-half years, are as clean as soap and water can make them, their standard being that no child should be sent to the country whose physical condition would not warrant him or her sleeping in the bed of the worker herself. Every child also passes a medical examination in co-operation with the Board of Health within twenty-four hours of leaving the city.

All communications should be addressed:

Rev. John Bancroft Devins, D. D.,
The Tribune,
New York.

A Mohammedan Festival.

Taboots is an Indian festival in connection with the celebration of the month of Moharram, which begins the year of the true Mohammedan. This festival commemorates the death of Prince Hossein, the grandson of Mohammed, who met his death in battle after ten days' fighting against King Omar. The word taboot, from which the festival takes its name, means literally a tomb, and it is always built in front of the homes of some rich and important Mohammedans and under a temporary shed built for this purpose. The taboots are made from thin bamboo strips covered with highly colored paper, and it is always decorated with isinglass, gold and silver paper, glass balls and much red and green paint. On the ninth day of the festival of Taboots the taboots are carried in a possession through the streets of the various cities in India. On the tenth day all the taboots are thrown into some river, and thus ends the Mohammedan festival of Taboots.—Boston Herald.

Primitive Fire Fighters.

As late as the end of the sixteenth century in London the sole method of extinguishing fires was by means of contrivances known as "hand squirts." These were usually made of brass, with a carrying capacity ranging from two to four quarts of water. The two quart "squirts" were two and a half feet in length, one and a half inches in diameter at their largest part and half an inch at the nozzle. On each side were handles, and three men were required to manipulate a "squirt." One man on each side grasped the handle in one hand and the nozzle in the other, while the third man worked the piston or plunger, drawing it out while the nozzle was immersed in a supply of water which filled the cylinder. The bearers then elevated the nozzle, when the other pushed in the plunger, the skill of the former being employed in directing the stream of water upon the fire. Such primitive contrivances are said to have been used during the great fire of 1666.

Mythical Horses.

Pegasus (born near the source of the ocean) was the winged horse of Apollo and the Muses. Bellerophon rode this animal when he charged the Chimera.

Sleipnir ("the black horse of Odin") had eight legs and could carry his master on sea as well as land. This animal is believed to typify the wind which blows from eight different points.

Al Borak ("the lightning") was the horse commissioned by Gabriel to carry Mohammed to the seventh heaven. He had a human face and the wings of an eagle. Every step he took was equal to the farthest range of human vision.

According to Thessalian legend, the first horse was miraculously brought forth by Neptune striking a rock with his trident.

A Japanese Anthem.

The majority of national anthems are not conspicuous for beauty, either of words or music. The only one composed by a musician of the very first rank is the Austrian anthem, for which Haydn is responsible. And in no country has the composition of a really great poet been adopted except in Norway, where Bjornson's stirring lines beginning "Yes, we love this country," serve as the national anthem. The Japanese have a dubiously worded anthem which Captain Brinkley translates as follows:

Until this grain of sand,
Tossed by each wavelet's freak,
Grows to a cloud girt peak,
Towering above the land;
Until the dewy flake
Beading this blossom's gold
Swell to a mighty lake—
Age upon age untold,
Joy to joy manifold,
Add for our sovereign's sake.

A Dirge.

She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before. No sob, no sigh, forced its way from her heart, throbbing as though it would burst. Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place, one single heartbreaking shriek; then silence, another cry, more silence, then all silent but for a guttural murmur which seemed to well up from her very soul. She left the place. She would lay another egg tomorrow.—Princeton Tiger.

Reversed.

An East Boston doctor told of the experience of a druggist the other day who sold some alcohol to a new customer. After the man had signed the book as required he said: "Now, don't get that name twisted. It is Michael Sullivan and not Sullivan Michael, same as they turned it around in the directory."—Boston Journal.

A Light Retort.

"How did the trouble in the family start?"

"The wife, it seems, got tired of her husband's heavy wit."

"Why didn't she simply make a light retort?"

"She did. She threw the lamp at him."—Exchange.

A Puzzle.

Mother (reprovingly to little girl just ready to go for a walk)—Dolly, that hole was not in your glove this morning. Dolly (promptly)—Where was it, then, mamma?

Couldn't Risk It.

Husband—Did you hunt up the new cook's references? Wife—No, John, I didn't. I was afraid they might prove prejudicial.—Harper's Bazar.

The innocent seldom find an uneasy pillow.—Cowper.

Pyramid of Cheops.

Vast as modern skyscrapers are, not one has yet equaled the weight and massiveness of the pile of great stones which the swarming, human ants of the Nile valley laboriously dragged together thousands of years ago until they had built the pyramid of Cheops. It would make a solid block 500 feet square and 330 feet high.

Liquid Air.

If liquid air be frozen to the consistency of slush a strong magnet suspended over it will withdraw the solid oxygen, leaving the nitrogen a jelly-like mass, in a vessel.

The Alexandrian Library.

The library at Alexandria suffered plunderings on various occasions, but it remained practically intact until A. D. 650, when it was destroyed by the Saracens under orders of the Caliph Omar. Thus disappeared a noble collection that had endured some 930 years.

The Adirondack Plateau.

The average height of the Adirondack plateau is about 2,000 feet, although there are many peaks that are over a mile high.

A Costly Prayer Book.

Queen Elizabeth used to carry about with her suspended by a chain of pure gold a book called "The Golden Manual of Prayer," a dainty volume of 300 pages bound in "hammered virgin gold." One side of this costly volume gave a representation of the judgment of Solomon, the other the brazen serpent on the cross in the desert.

Galileo's Telescope.

Galileo's telescope, by which he discovered the satellites of Jupiter in January, 1610, is carefully preserved in the Museum of Physics and Natural History in Florence. Galileo's was the first practical telescope made.

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